

Dr. Romance

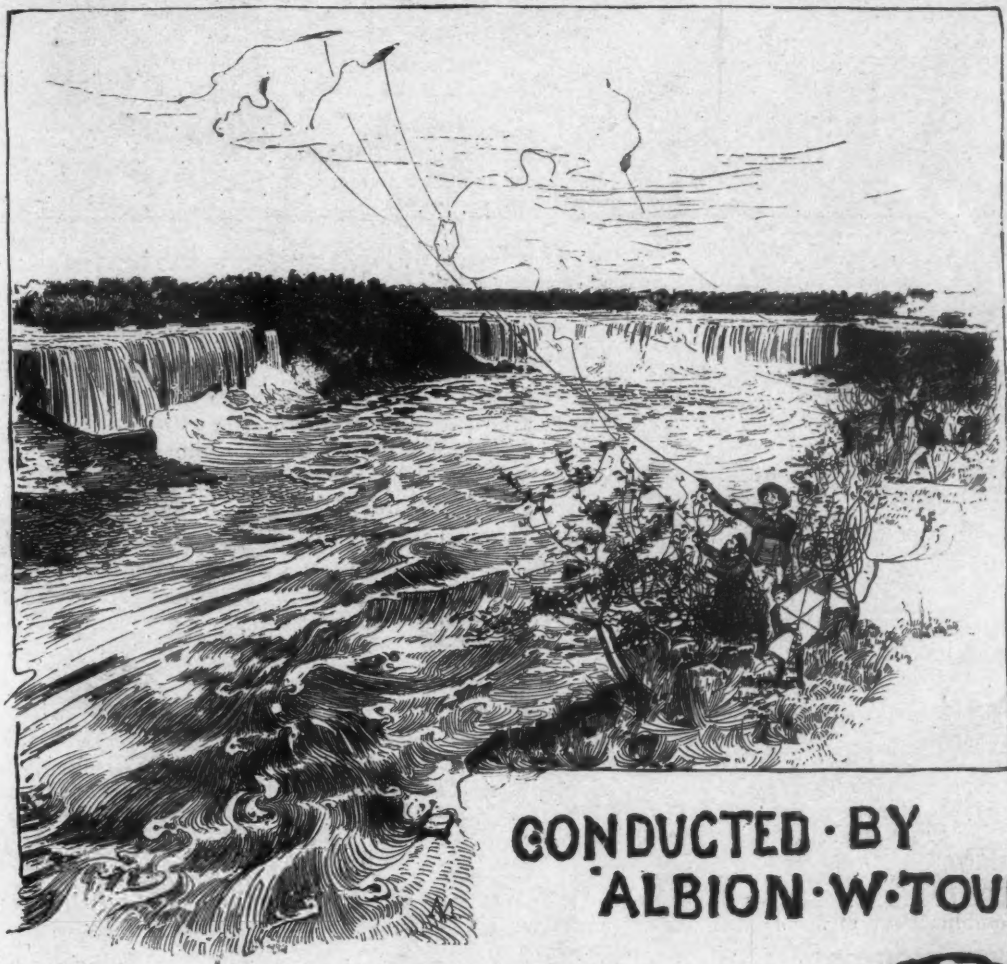
TEN-CENTS-A-COPY.

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VOL. V

April 9, 1884.

No 113



CONDUCTED BY
ALBION W. TOURGÉE

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW YORK 23 · PARK · ROW



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FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT.

"Nathan Ben Nathan," the Essenean, has cast the spell of a strange fascination over every one who has thus far followed the chapters of **Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina**, and her patrician lover. The forthcoming instalments are fully as thrilling in interest as any that have gone before, and present with historical truth a phase of life whose details receive small attention from Christians of to-day. . . . The spread of illiteracy is the danger that now threatens all that is best in American civilization, and THE CONTINENT will not cease to urge upon the people the vital importance of establishing political liberty upon the only sure basis. . . . A novel and attractive feature will shortly be introduced in the publication of a series of Stories by distinguished authors whose names will be published collectively—but whose special authorship in the series in question will not be revealed. Prizes will be offered for guesses at authorship, in connection with this scheme. . . . "Queen Louise, of Prussia," "The Arts of Decoration," with illustrations by W. Shirlaw and others; "Kate Greenaway," "Randolph Caldecott," are some of the illustrated articles now in course of preparation. . . . Dr. McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," with its curious facts and fancies, will be continued. A quaint story of West Virginia, with illustrations by A. B. Frost, is now in course of preparation.

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THE SOWER.—ENGRAVED FROM MILLET'S PAINTING BY FANNIE N. EARLE.

THE LIFE WITHIN THE CLOD.

A CLOD of earth, with figure rude and dull,
Perchance to casual glance seems poor estate ;
Nor does it show that in its dusky hull
Are kernels of a future fair and great.

But when it lies beneath the ardent blaze
Of fires by peerless science made to glow,
Its riven shell before our sight displays
What hidden treasures that bald lump may show.

We see a structure wond'rous to behold !
Of intricate design, with marvels rife—
Whose myriad cells and tiny rooms unfold
The tenements of microscopic life.

Where enterprising labors never cease ;
And though existence is minute and brief,
All creatures give an actual increase
Of good, beyond the reach of man's belief.

Again, as outward semblance disappears,
We see, as in a book, wherein we read
Of subtle property, that guards and cheers,
And nourishes the germinating seed.

The house in which the immortal spirit dwells,
Contains the substance of a common clod,
And passeth back again to earthly cells ;
When soul returns unto its maker—God !

From thence, equipped with aspiration true,
And wealth of happy possibilities,
The plants achieve their birth, and meet our view—
The comely infancy of noble trees.

Thence, upward through the ever growing veins,
The vital current flows with ardent tide ;
From every twig and spreading leaf it gains
A space wherein its crystal stream may glide.

At length the swollen bud to blossom breaks,
And luscious fruit succeeds the fragrant flower ;
Then of the pure refreshment man partakes,
And for his vigor wins the treasured power

Through other avenues that essence clear,
Distilled by nature in the cool, dark soil,
Becomes a potency to aid and cheer
Humanity in all its ease and toil.

The varied life of water, land and sky,
Must e'er reside in shapes evolved from earth ;
And constantly receive and give supply
Of sustenance for growth and coming birth.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

BY NATHAN BEN NATHAN, AN ESSENEAN,
(AUTHOR OF "ARIUS THE LIBYAN.")

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Lucanius and Phœbe reached their home beyond the Tiber, after the young girl had been released from the prison, many of the Christians who had heard the fact that they had been seized and carried into the city assembled to give expression to sympathy for their sufferings, rejoicings for their happy escape, and reverence for Lucanius, who was thenceforth numbered among the "Confessors," as they were called, who, because of their devotion to Christianity, had endured torture, but had escaped martyrdom. Among these friends was Doscius, presbyter of the community of which both father and daughter were members, who warmly commended the quiet faithfulness evinced by Lucanius in the trial which he had undergone.

Phœbe said unto Doscius: "Knowest thou where the Presbyter Epaphras may be found? or knowest thou the way unto his chapel?"

And Doscius answered: "Yea; his chapel is in the catacombs, upon the other side of Rome, a long distance out on the Appian Way."

"I desire much to obtain speech of Dorcas, the daughter of Faustina, who is ward to Epaphras, if thou canst direct me to his chapel."

"If thou wilt go beyond the Tomb of the Scipios, along the Appian Way, not far beyond, thou wilt find a vineyard and a cottage built of sun-dried bricks, upon the left hand of the highway. There dwelleth an ancient man whose name is Gregorius, and if thou wilt tell him that thou art a Christian, he will guide thee unto the chapel of Epaphras."

On the afternoon of Saturday, Phœbe, accompanied by her father, crossed the Tiber at the Bridge of Fabricius, and passing by the Temples of Fortune and Vesta, the Circus Maximus and the Tarpeian Rock, entered upon the Appian Way, which they followed through the valley that winds along the base of Mount Aventine and Celinus, to a point some distance beyond that indicated by Doscius, and soon found the cottage he had described, and the aged Gregorius, to whom, by certain signs usual among them, they made themselves known as Christians; and Gregorius cheerfully undertook to guide them to the chapel of Epaphras. Lucanius thereupon returned to his own home, and Phœbe followed the ancient a long distance, and, finally, by one of the many secret entrances to the catacombs, descended into the mysterious recesses, where Gregorius soon found and lighted two small lamps, one of which he gave to Phœbe; and they thereupon took their way through the long subterranean galleries. After several turns and windings had been passed, they heard the voice of an unseen sentinel crying out: "Walk ye by faith?" to which Gregorius at once replied: "In His name!" Then pausing, the old man said: "This maiden is a Christian who seeketh Dorcas, the daughter of Faustina. Knowest thou where she may be found?"

"I know not," said the sentinel, "but the women who have charge of our chapel can tell you."

"How shall the maiden reach their abode?" said Gregorius.

"Let her follow this gallery, and take every one that openeth into it from the left. At the fourth opening she will find guides."

"Art thou afraid to go alone?" asked Gregorius.

"Nay;" replied Phœbe, "for there can be none but Christians in the catacombs."

"Then fare thee well, daughter," said the ancient.

"Many thanks for thy kindness," said Phœbe, "and farewell."

And then, bearing her little lamp carefully, the young girl proceeded upon her solitary way. It was a strange sort of confidence, indeed. Far underground, in more than midnight darkness, fenced in upon either side by long lines of the numberless and countless dead who slept in that vast necropolis—alone, bearing a flickering lamp that lighted the gloomy path only a few feet in advance, the young girl quietly went on without the sense of fear, because she knew that there were none but Christians in that dreary labyrinth—a glorious commentary upon the character of the faith which she professed.

Phœbe went forward, taking every left hand opening in the way, until she had entered three of them, and as she drew nigh the fourth, a broad glare of light shone across her path, and looking before her she saw that in one direction the gallery seemed to expand to greater width, and along one side thereof there ran a clear, small stream of water, as if some affluent spring discharged itself upon the rocky way; and not far ahead of her a fire burned brightly, over which a huge copper kettle was boiling, and several women were busy thereat, some of them washing clothes, and some of them cooking in various vessels at the fire. A young and beautiful girl was ironing out the last of a little heap of linen napkins, and upon the table at which she worked was a plate bearing a cross made of thin layers of unleavened bread. The stronger light all about them prevented them from observing Phœbe and her little lamp until she had come quite close unto them. The young girl was the first to note her coming, and looking up she said quietly: "Walk thou by faith?"

"In His name," answered Phœbe, promptly. Then all of the women saluted her, and the young girl said: "Thou art welcome, sister."

Then Phœbe answered: "I am Phœbe, the daughter of Lucanius, a deacon of the community of Doscius, beyond the Tiber. I seek Dorcas, the daughter of Faustina. Canst thou tell me where she may be found?"

"I am that Dorcas," said the maiden. "I have just finished the preparations for the service of to-morrow; come thou with me."

Then she laid the folded napkins upon her arm, and taking the plate of bread in her hand, she passed along through the gallery, and Phœbe, bearing her lamp, walked at her side. At a short distance they came unto an opening of another gallery, over the entrance to which hung a curtain of heavy cloth, and passing this they entered a large hall, lighted by a huge lamp suspended from the rocky roof, and on either side of this hall were smaller chambers cut out of the rock, over the entrance of each of which were similar curtains hanging. "Here we abide," said Dorcas. "Mine apartment is at the end of this hall; let us go thither."

And when they had gone thither, Dorcas carefully laid away the napkins and the bread in a wooden safe divided off by shelving, and placing a chair for Phœbe,

invited her to be seated, saying: "Our evening's meal will soon be ready. Thou canst rest thyself now, and ere long sup with us."

And Phœbe said: "I pray thee, sister, stand thou there where the house-light will fall upon thee. I desire to see thee clearly."

And gazing upon the maiden with a singular expression of countenance, she continued: "Sister, thou art wondrous fair; it is not strange he loveth thee so much."

"Of whom speakest thou?"

"Surely thou canst guess."

"But I will not do so, sister. Of whom dost thou speak?"

"Of the young centurion, Marcellus."

A pang of intense feeling nipped at the young girl's heart, but the lifelong habit of self-control hardly permitted a trace of it to appear in her face or voice, as she quietly answered: "Knowest thou the Roman, sister? Dost thou come from him?"

"Yea, verily; and I come hither only to tell thee truly all that I know of him, and the reason of my seeking thee."

Then Dorcas seated herself beside Phœbe, and, taking her hand, said:

"Sister, I am ready to listen to thee. But is the young man well? Doth he seem to be happy? When didst thou see him last?"

"Three days ago," answered Phœbe. "He is not ill, but is apparently in sore trouble because of thy disappearance from his father's house. But I must tell thee all that hath happened." And then, beginning with the arrest of her father and herself, she rapidly, but clearly, narrated every incident thereof, and of her brief acquaintance with Marcellus. Her truth, directness, and sensibility would be, perhaps, impossible to a chaste maiden of a later age in the world's history, for good-breeding—good form, as fashionable cant calleth it—hath been largely substituted for genuine modesty, and our linen-cambric phylacteries of "refinement" have taken the place of that plain, unpretentious holiness of heart and of life which neither knew nor cherished any unchaste purpose or desire.

Before Phœbe's narration was ended, the two girls were friends, and more than once during her recital they sat sobbing in each other's arms, and, having given every incident, Phœbe continued: "And so, sister, if thou desirest to see the centurion again, I am to arrange a time and place for the interview. If thou desirest to write anything unto him, I will bear thy letter. If thou wouldst send any message unto him, I will deliver it for thee. If thou dost refuse to hold any communication with him, I will so inform him. What wilt thou do, Dorcas?"

Dorcas did not immediately reply, but seemed to be buried in very serious thought. At last she said: "I will even consider the matter carefully, for I know not what I ought to do. First thou must sup with us, and afterwards we can converse yet more. Come thou with me, sister."

And passing out into an adjoining hall they found the other women already assembled, and having been affectionately welcomed by them—all of them—they sat down to their simple but healthful repast; one of the oldest of the women having first given thanks to God for the peace and comfort in which His providence permitted them to live.

And afterwards the two girls went together a short distance through the catacombs into the chapel of Enaphras, and sat there together discussing their

affairs; and a strong friendship grew between them. For, both of them being Christians, there was no possibility of the intervention of those "roots of bitterness" that spring up to trouble even the purest hearts, under systems which create false social and class distinctions, based upon those ideas of superiority that grow out of idolatries of birth, rank, interest, property, and other extraneous circumstances, that have as little to do with the character of an individual as the metal of which a dog's collar is made has to do with the nature of the brute; and, because they both were Christians, each of them attributed to the other the same simplicity, unselfishness and truth, the same purity of life and of heart, the same desire to understand and to do that which is right, which she knew to be the guiding purpose of her own heart and conduct. Hence, the confidence which they mutually reposed in each other was of a stronger, truer, purer growth than more recent civilization can produce or comprehend; because the difference between the girls of that period consisted in the fact that some of them were Christians and some were not. Those who were so, met upon terms of equality; those who were not, were separated from each other by the infinite cobwebisms of false distinctions which prevailed throughout all heathenism, and were, for the most part, natural enemies, each envying, suspecting, and hating the other; each striving to defeat and mortify the other; each seeking some advantage and precedence of the other—all of them born to an inheritance of social lies and shams, and false pretences, about which they quarreled and schemed, only in a smaller more miserable way, than did the men under the influence of the same wild-beast civilization. But these two girls being Christians both, and finding between themselves a similarity in age and sentiments as to all that nature creates, or grace contributes, to the adornment of character, loved and trusted each other from the first; although the hands and face of Phœbe showed plainly the traces of her farm-life labor, while those of Dorcas, who had been reared in the darkness of the catacombs, with lighter tasks to do, were delicate as finest waxwork.

"It is best, I think," said Dorcas, continuing their pleasant, confidential talk, "that I do not see him again, nor write to him, nor send him any message, except a single line in order to verify the statement that thou hast seen me as thou didst promise him."

"I am not wise enough to advise thee," answered Phœbe. "But wouldst thou, in any case, be the wife of a Roman?"

"I know not," said Dorcas. "But I would not marry any man that is not a Christian, no matter what might be his nativity or rank, nor how highly I might otherwise esteem him."

"But dost thou remember that Paul saith the unbelieving husband may be sanctified by a Christian wife?"

"Yea," said Dorcas; "but it seemeth to me that, in that place, he speaketh of two who are already husband and wife, of whom one shall become a Christian, and not of those who are unmarried."

"But dost thou not believe that his great love for thee would lead him to adopt thy faith?"

"That might even be," she said. "But I have been taught that it would be wrong to marry one who is not a Christian; and that one may not do evil that good may come of it."

"But thou lovest the Roman—canst thou be happy if thou shalt see his face no more?"

"Perhaps not happy," answered Dorcas, sadly;

"but to be free is better than to be happy, and I shall be free; but they who sacrifice the truth are never free, they are the slaves of that for which they have given up the truth."

"Thou speakest of the liberty of the gospel?"

"Surely," replied Dorcas, "for the slavery of the body is an evil of smaller consequence. The only real bondage is the slavery of the soul."

"He saith he cannot live without thee," said Phoebe, "and his assurance indicates that he speaketh truly. Thou knowest that the common refuge of the heathen from any sorrow which maketh them aweary of the world is suicide."

The young girl shuddered as her companion spoke these words, knowing the fearful readiness with which the pagans sought for that refuge from any disappointment, but she murmured: "It is easy for any one to find excuses or justification for that course which agreeth well with his own wishes; but thou knowest that the question for us is never what might please us best, but is the straight and narrow way of present right and duty. I think that any one who earnestly desireth to do so, may find the way."

"Shall I tell Marcellus that if he were a Christian thou wouldst be his wife?"

"Nay," answered Dorcas, "To be a Christian would be for him to suffer worldly sacrifices that none but Jesus hath the right to demand of any human being—sacrifices which I would not dare to accept if he should offer to make them. Even to profess the faith and adopt the forms thereof would involve the loss of his social position and political importance, his property and influence—and, perhaps, his life also—a sacrifice too great to be made for anything less than the love of Christ and the sure promise of eternal life, which alone outweigh all earthly considerations. It is better that we never meet again."

"But he would leave thee unobstructed in the exercise of thy religion, and his influence might serve to protect many Christians besides."

"But if he remain a heathen, scarce a day could pass us by in which I must not yield to the idolatries in which he hath been reared, or else find myself separated in heart from him in all the ceremonies of religion and in all the incidents of home. Such a union is no Christian marriage. It is but the legal copartnership of paganism. The difficulties in the way of marriage between a Christian and an idolater seem to me to be irreconcilable and insuperable."

"And canst thou not find any neutral ground between them, on which both might stand secure?"

"Surely there can be none. Honor, wealth, rank, power, war, slavery, marriages of convenience or of interest—all the aims and purposes of life which he hath been trained up to regard as best and highest—seem criminal and sinful things to me. Useful labor, or employments which he esteems to be fit only for slaves, I know to be a holy duty from which there is no escaping without sin. The faith on which I rest my soul is unto him an impracticable and insane delusion. Thou knowest that in Rome not only all that labor with their hands, but all that follow any useful pursuit—their barbers, tailors, bakers, mechanics, teachers; all, except soldiers, priests and lawyers—are slaves or worse than slaves. A million of people, who are even less esteemed than the other million, who live upon the public granaries and do nothing—voluntary paupers who care for nothing except daily bread and the games of the circus—*panem et circenses*, as their own poet saith. Only those employments which are useless or pernicious

to mankind are deemed to be respectable, and all other work is left to slaves or foreigners. We, sister, have been taught to despise all men that do not add something useful to the common stock. The differences between Christianity and heathenism go down to the very roots of life, and there can be neither happiness nor peace in any attempt at uniting them together. I must, therefore, write unto Marcellus that thou hast come to me according to thy promise, and that I can give no answer except that which I have already given; this shalt thou take to him and nothing more."

"Art thou certain," said Phoebe, "that thou dost really love this man?"

"Yea," answered Dorcas, "and with all my heart. But I love not his idolatry, nor his mode of life. Nor do I think that any heathen could understand the only love which we could value, or could dare to trust. For their love, even, it seemeth to me, is like their religion; like their political and military glory; like their magnificent highways and aqueducts; like their splendid cities and costly tombs—a physical thing only. They know the worth of a sane mind in a sound body—the intellectual and sensuous sides of existence—but they have no spiritual life, or, if any, it is mute and ignorant, incapable of discerning and loving other spirits, incapable of expressing itself. In some respects, even this most excellent Marcellus excite my pity. He seemeth to be, in some things lower than an infant—almost on a level with the brutes—as I think all men would be but for the faith of Christ."

"How, then, is it that thou lovest him?"

"That, indeed, I cannot tell thee," said Dorcas, "nor can I understand it. He is a very handsome youth; but there must be some handsomer. He is bright and strong; but there must be some more excellent. He is brave, and true, and tender; yet there must be some that are at least his equal in all this. In his spiritual life he is but a child; and yet there must be, even of his age, some full-grown, glorious Christian men. And yet, in my heart, I love him far more than I could love any man on earth. All my heart goes out to him alone, and I could live or die alike to bring him happiness, and for him would think naught too great a sacrifice, except the faith of Jesus. Ah, Phoebe, it is so strange, so sad, so sweet, so pitiful! I know not how it is that of all men on earth, I do love only him."

"I have met no Roman of high rank but him," said Phoebe, "and those whom I have known among the working people seem to belong unto a different race of men."

"The higher classes of them," said Dorcas, "are little better than intellectual brutes, and the lower classes are brutes of lower intelligence. But Christians, even those who cannot read nor write, are gentle, refined, attractive."

"What causeth this vast difference?"

"I have heard the learned Epaphras declare that this condition of things is the necessary result of all human governments over a people. He saith often that governments which recognize war, slavery, private property rights, rank, title, prerogatives, never did, and never can, do anything better for mankind than to produce a ruling class at the top, to whom all the advantages of civilization accrue, and an oppressed or enslaved people at the bottom, upon which fall all the burdens of the world, and some form of ecclesiasticism between these two extremes, seeking to adjust mutual rights and duties by arms and religion. He saith that the gospel of our Lord alone can ever give liberty to the great multitudes of men, and that even the persecuted

Christians are the only people that ever taste the sweetness of real personal freedom; and that the Church will make all people free, by abolishing the laws which enslave and degrade them. He said that our Lord, although he addressed the Scribes and Pharisees only, really meant every ruling class on earth, when he denounced those who bind heavy burdens for other men's shoulders, which they themselves would not touch with a little finger; and that the ruling classes, no matter by what name designated, will always so bind the poor, until the masses of mankind shall become Christians, and by the power of faith abolish war, slavery, and mammon worship, which are instruments of tyranny."

"I know not how that may be," said Phœbe. "We came hither from the Bridge of Fabricius, and along the Appian Way, through the most densely populated portion of Rome, and there was a mighty contrast, truly, between the palaces of the great and wealthy and the vast multitude that scarcely live by labor, and the yet greater multitude of Romans that are too proud to work and afraid to steal, and content to live in idleness, drawing their support from the public granaries. I know not the causes of it, but it seems to me to be a fearful and a shameful thing."

"This cruel and infamous state of Rome, Epaphras declareth to be the condition of all great cities, and that it is everywhere the net result of the science of government, and that there can never be any permanent escape therefrom, except on the basis of our common Church. Thinkest thou, Phœbe, that a woman that is a Christian could conscientiously be the wife of any man whose highest perception of life and duty is to preserve, enforce, and work out unto its legitimate results, such a system as this? Surely it must be true that the less a Roman noble and a Christian girl see of each other the better for the peace of both. But it groweth late. Thou must abide with me until after services to-morrow, and as much longer as thou canst. Come with me."

And, as they returned unto the great hall, and rejoined the other women, and after simple but earnest religious services, they sought their sleeping rooms, which opened from the hall on every side. For, although there was no difference between day and night in their subterranean home, they divided the house between the duties incumbent upon them, just as those did who lived above ground—so many to sleep, so many to toil, so many to religion, so many to reading and conversation—and their hidden life was peaceful and pleasant enough, and on the next day, which was Sunday, they went together to the services at which Marcellus was to be so strangely present.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE GOSPEL IS STATED AS IT WAS IN A. D. 312.

AFTER Epaphras had blessed them, as related at the close of the Christian services in the subterranean chapel, the congregation began to take up their lamps, and to depart by the various galleries that led into the chapel, and the centurion was resolved not to go thence until he had seen and spoken to Dorcas; but he did not desire to be discovered in the act of listening to the strange and awful scenes which he had just witnessed. There was no time, however, for deliberation, and with that celerity of action and decision which is part of the military education and character, he took the hilt of his sword in both hands, and draw-

ing up his toga, so as to conceal both his face and the weapon, he dropped upon his knees, with his face to the wall, his head bowed upon his hands, so that by glancing sideways he could still see Dorcas sitting in the chapel, and the young girl, Phœbe, sitting beside her; wherefore the centurion knew that she had been faithful to her contract with him. Although his own accidental discovery of the chapel forestalled the visit which she had promised to make to him upon the evening of that same day, he was not the less pleased by, and grateful for, this proof of her fidelity.

Quietly the congregation dispersed, many of them passing through the gallery in which he kneeled; but to them the sight of a man upon his knees anywhere near those sacred precincts was an every-day occurrence, and no one accosted, or even seemed to notice, him. Soon he saw the presbyter go over to where Dorcas sat, and take a seat beside her, and he rightly judged that all the rest had gone, and that the presbyter was that Epaphras of whom he had heard Dorcas speak. The centurion gazed upon the young girl's perfect face with profoundest love and admiration, and it seemed to him that he lived again, after long weeks of care and apathy like death. Then he arose, and advancing quickly to the threshold of the chapel, he saw that both Dorcas and the presbyter observed his approach, and then he darted forward, and, raising the maiden's hand, he bowed, and kissed it passionately, exclaiming: "O, darling, I have found thee at last, thank all the gods at once! Why didst thou so cruelly leave me, Dorcas? Every day have I sought thee sorrowing, and every hour I pined to see thy face, until the great grief of thine absence is wearying out my heart, and wasting all my strength! But I have found thee at last, and thou shalt pass out of my sight no more, unless thou promise I shall see thee again, or unless thou leave this dreary place, and go back to my father's house with me."

At the first pause in the impulsive torrent of his speech, the girl arose, with quiet dignity, and said: "Centurion, this is the presbyter, Epaphras, my guardian and friend. And this, father, is that centurion, Marcellus, of whom I have told thee."

Recalled to himself by her grave and quiet demeanor, the centurion saluted Epaphras respectfully, and said: "Thou must pardon my want of courtesy, for I have suffered so long, and was so rejoiced to find Dorcas again, that I could think of naught else."

And turning unto Phœbe, the young man said kindly: "I rejoice to see thee, Phœbe, knowing well that thy presence here is a proof of thy truth and faithfulness. And I beg of thee to believe that I do entertain for thee all the respect and friendship which is due to girls who can be kind and faithful, and that cannot soil their lips with any false promise."

And Phœbe took the hand which Marcellus extended to her, and answered: "Truly, I came to Dorcas as I had promised thee, centurion; and she did agree to write unto thee a letter, which I was to have carried to thee, but thy coming unexpectedly hath marred our little plans. So that thou and Dorcas must take the quarrel unto your own hands, and leave me out of it. I bid you both good-bye, and shall even pray often for the happiness of both." And, notwithstanding that they pressed her to remain, Phœbe lighted her little lamp and quietly departed.

Epaphras asked him to be seated, and then said: "Where be thy companions? or didst thou come alone?"

"I am entirely alone," replied Marcellus, "or rather

I followed close behind an aged woman, who unknowingly showed me the way."

The presbyter seemed much relieved by this information, and said: "Thou art very welcome, and so are all that may come peaceably."

Then Dorcas, whose hand he held and would not relinquish, gazed on his haggard face with tender, gleaming eyes, and spoke to him, saying: "Centurion, how didst thou find the way hither?"

Then he said: "Every moment since thou didst forsake us I have thought of thee only, and day by day I sought to find thee. From the information I did gather from many different sources, I thought the path which thou didst follow must be through that thicket in which, after weary days of watching, I finally discovered the entrance to this place, by dogging the footsteps of an aged woman who came that way this morning. Dorcas, if I had found thee not I would have died!"

"Wert thou, then, in sight and hearing of the religious services of this little band of Christians from the time at which she whom thou didst follow entered here?" inquired Epaphras.

"Yea; I heard and saw all that occurred!"

"And didst thou behold any of those infamous and unholy ceremonies which the Romans of thy class attribute to the secret assemblies of the Christians?"

"Nay," replied Marcellus; "I cannot imagine a form of divine service more simple, sweet and pure, or more acceptable to any holy God. But the last, the Anastasis! That was a thing so very marvelous, so overwhelmingly grand and sublime in its simplicity, that my mind is stupefied by the event, and I can with difficulty credit my senses, which so assure me that I saw it! Was the man truly dead?"

"Ask thy father, the Vice-Prefect Varus, whether on yesterday evening the head of the Christian Charis was not given to his friends in one basket and his body in another?"

"It is an astounding fact," said Marcellus. "I cannot realize it. It transcends the power of magic."

"Didst thou see any magic used, except the name of Jesus Christ?"

"Nay, truly," said Marcellus, "I saw the Anastasis; but its very simplicity seems to demonstrate its impossibility. Do, then, Christians, indeed, by faith in His name, suspend or annul natural laws at their own will?"

"Nay, verily," answered Epaphras, "but God so made the world that faith in Christ is sufficient for the justification of a sinner, and so that the faith of the Church, organized in accordance with His will and obeying His commandments, hath force to raise the dead, and to do many other marvelous works, and we Christians believe that, as the winds blow or the rain falleth by His will, so do these works occur. But didst thou witness aught in all our service that can justify the Roman law which persecuteth us even unto death?"

"Nothing," cried Marcellus, "and henceforth my efforts shall not be spared to put an end to punishments so unprovoked and so unjust. Indeed, I cannot understand how conduct so injurious to a harmless people ever came to have the sanction of the Roman law?"

"That I will even now explain to thee," said Epaphras. "Three hundred years ago, the Jews who were expecting the coming of Messiah, son of the One True God, were so blinded by their own pride, and ambition and selfishness, that they supposed He would come in power and great glory to overthrow their enemies and make Jerusalem the chief city of the world; although their own prophets had

foretold that He would come as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; poor, despised and afflicted; and when He did so come, teaching the brotherhood of man, teaching that war was crime, and ought to cease, and that no Christian should bear arms in any cause; teaching that slavery is sin against our fellow-men, who are, indeed, our own brethren; teaching communism of property and rights, as the only safeguard of the many against the superior intelligence, selfishness, and rapacity of the few, who always plunder and oppress the multitudes; teaching that marriage is a holy sacrament, founded upon mutual affection and consent, and that divorce is sinful, and destructive of society; teaching, in a word, that His kingdom, instead of being only a greater tyrant and warrior than any other kingdom, as they desired, should, indeed, be a democracy, pure and simple, social and political, based upon faith and communism, in which the family should be the foundation, and the Church the superstructure, of society. The Scribes and Pharisees, who were the rich, official, respectable classes of the Jews, and covetous of property and rank, accused Him of sedition, and instigated the Romans to crucify Him; which they did, in the days of Pontius Pilate, in accordance with the declarations of the prophets. The Roman emperors, from Tiberius until this very day, have persecuted the Christians for teaching and practising the gospel of Jesus. The brotherhood of all men, the denial of the right of the Christians to bear arms, the manumission of the slaves, the holding of all property in common, the abrogation of all social and political distinctions between men, and classes of men, that they may be one in Christ. The elevating of monogamic marriage into a sacrament, and the prohibition of divorce. These principles, based upon and enforced by faith, constitute the Christian democracy. These are the laws and the customs which the Christians keep as religion, and are those which the Romans have always condemned and punished, as 'a dire and malevolent superstition;' as inspired 'by hatred of the human race;' as 'contrary to reason and nature;' as 'extravagant laws and opinions;' as 'a criminal association.' But thou canst see, centurion, that no man is compelled to enter into the kingdom of Heaven? It is, and must be, his own voluntary act. And thou seest that this faith is peaceable and pure."

"Surely," said Marcellus. "But why do you not go into the forum, and into the Senate, and boldly proclaim this faith and demand recognition therefor at the hands of the emperor and the law?"

"Ah," said Epaphras, "dost thou believe that they who constitute the ruling classes at Rome would permit the public preaching of the gospel of Christ, that teaches the fundamental truth that all men are, and of right ought to be, equal before God, consciousness and law? Or dost thou think that a rich man, except under the power of dominant, all-controlling faith, can overcome his selfishness, which is fortified behind the ramparts of civil and municipal law, so far as to seek admission into the Church of Christ, which holds all property in common and requires as a condition of admission the transfer of the believer's estate unto the common church? Or dost thou suppose that they who hold their fellow-men as slaves, and derive honor, consequence, convenience and wealth from this unjust ownership, would permit men to teach publicly as divine truth, and as the final utterance of law, philosophy and statesmanship, the gospel of Christ, which denies the master's title, manumits the slave, and raises the chattel to equality with other men, making him

'no more as a slave, but as a brother beloved?' Dost thou not see that if all Romans could be led to adopt this faith, the false and cruel social and political distinctions which are based on rank and wealth and power would fade out of the empire? Dost thou not see that if any man does in his heart believe that the safety of his soul and the welfare of his fellow-men depend upon the acceptance of this faith, he will then bestow his property upon the common church and become the brother of all believers? And it is for that reason we Christians pray, saying, 'Give us daily bread sufficient for daily use.' We have no authority to pray for more, seeing that all that is over goeth into the common stock. Dost thou not perceive that if this gospel, which is 'good news' to the poor, could be publicly proclaimed, all the poor and all the slaves would take the kingdom of heaven by storm? Dost thou not see that the triumph of this gospel would abrogate the laws that maintain the idolatries of wealth, and rank, and property, and the power and influence of the robbers, usurers and extortioners who oppress the multitudes? Nay, verily, they crucified our Lord and have persecuted the church from that day until now because, and only because, they do not desire the common good, the general welfare, the public safety, prosperity and happiness of all, but prefer their own covetous desires for selfish aggrandizement, ease and power, to the regeneration of mankind."

The presbyter's sweet voice swelled into grand, sonorous utterances, and his face grew bright with holy earnestness and zeal as he proceeded with his exposition of the gospel; and Marcellus was strongly moved and interested.

"But how knowest thou," he said, "that these teachings of thy Christ, these laws of His Kingdom, are divinely true and right, and obligatory upon all men?"

"I know this," answered Epaphras, "as thou canst not yet know it. But thou mayest test their verity by one safe rule: 'Do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto you.'"

"Let me understand that," said Marcellus. "If I would not wish to be degraded into slavery myself I must not own a slave! If that rule were carried out in all things, truly it would cut very deep!—and yet it seemeth right and just enough."

"Yea," said Epaphras, "and if thou wilt seek with honest manliness and courage to measure all things—social, political and religious, both governments and men—by that one rule thou shalt grow in knowledge of the truth. But it is time that I, and Dorcas also, go hence to other duties that claim our attention. Centurion, thou seemest an honorable man, and I desire thee to be on thy guard lest some carelessness on thy part may make thy discovery of our place of meeting lead to vexation of my faithful church."

"Thy warning is hardly necessary," replied Marcellus, "for I respect and esteem thee mightily, and I would protect Dorcas to the death. In fact, I came hither only to seek her, and to bear her away or perish in attempting it; but I confess to thee that my mind is much changed in many things, and even in this resolve also. But Dorcas, my life, my darling," he cried, with that look of tender, pleading love which she found it so hard to resist, "I cannot leave thee, and I will not, unless thou promise that I may see thee again and speedily."

Dorcas turned unto the presbyter, saying: "Father, may he not come hither on next Sabbath morning?"

The presbyter sighed deeply enough, but answered: "Come thou hither on the Seventh morning hence, centurion; but go thou now in peace?"

"Verily," replied Marcellus, "it is not possible for me to find my way back whence I came. Let Dorcas guide me into that gallery which leadeth unto the entrance by which I came."

Epaphras seemed annoyed and perplexed at his request, but the girl turned to the centurion and laid her little hand lightly upon his arm, and gazing into his eyes with eyes in which beamed the soft light of mighty love and trust, she said, most sweetly: "Once thou didst make Dorcas flee away from thee in mortal terror; but now, centurion, is she not safe with thee?"

And the young man's eyes grew bright with tears of tenderness, as he replied: "Yea, by my soul, as safe as if thy mother held thee in her arms!"

Then the young girl took up her lamp, and gave Marcellus another, and placing her hand in his, she said:

"Come on, centurion; I will be your guide."

The proud Roman youth respectfully saluted Epaphras, then, hand in hand, the twain walked on through the vast solitude and darkness of the catacombs.

"Dear Dorcas," he said, "why dost thou leave me so? If thou wilt come back to me, thou needst not offer sacrifice to any god of Rome; but I will build thee a beautiful chapel, and Epaphras and thy friends shall worship in thine own way, under the protection of my father. Darling, wilt thou not come? I cannot live without thee!"

But Dorcas said, with profound tenderness: "Let us not talk of that just now! I do not think thou yet understandest what we Christian maidens mean by love!"

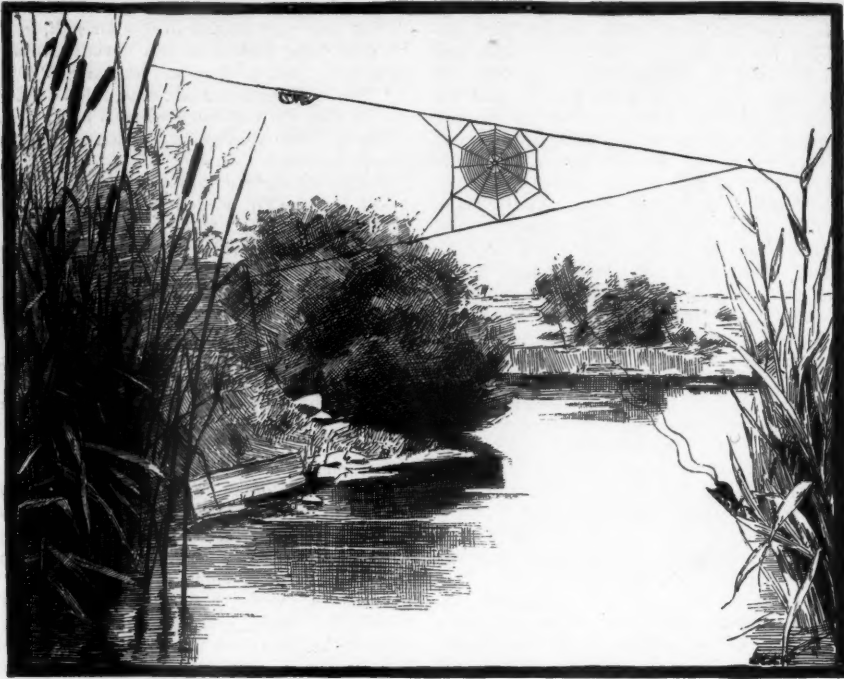
And so they walked on, until they reached the gallery that led to the entrance by which the centurion had come.

Pausing here, the young girl said: "I leave thee now. Thy way is in this gallery, and thou canst not stray from it. When thou comest where the light of day showeth across thy path, extinguish thy lamp, and set it upon any projection of the rock which thou mayst find. When thou comest near the entrance, first look about thee carefully, and go not forth if any one be in sight of thee. Be careful not to let fall any word that might lead us into trial. Come on the morning of the Seventh day, and I will meet thee, and conduct thee to the chapel. Now bend down thy head to me," and as he complied with her request, she laid her arm lightly round his neck and kissed him tenderly, then turned away, and went swiftly back.

The young man sought not to detain her—did not call her back—but watched her lovingly as she glided swiftly away into the darkness, and a mighty joy came, wave-like, over his spirit, and he said to himself that the kiss which she had left upon his lips was the seal of a higher love and confidence than he had ever before dreamed of, and that he would prove worthy of the trust she had reposed in him.

Then, resuming his journey, he went on to the entrance, happy with the faint but exquisite dawn of a happiness different from all that he had ever known before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SPIDER'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

CHAPTER XI.
INSECT ENGINEERING.

OCTOBER is the golden month of the American calendar. There is an indescribable mellowness in the atmosphere, as though the year had centered all the luscious fruitage of her ripening upon this halcyon season. The air is warm, but crisp with ozone. At times the sky is clear as in midwinter; again the landscape is wrapped in a soft haze through which distant objects loom with indistinct outlines like the remembered objects of one's dream. All healthful life in Nature finds a joy in very being, none the less because there hangs upon all things a prophetic tone of coming dissolution. The melancholy days are not yet quite "come," but are coming, and are near. The leaves are adding to their summer green the first tints of russet, yellow, and scarlet, that shall by-and-by enfold them in their dying glory. The insect-world is still full of life; but already in many species motherhood has paid to posterity the last penalty of Nature, and in many others the reservoirs of life are running low. But the waning and the waxing of life go on together. Parents are dying, but children are gaining in vigor. Multitudes have been seized by the strange instinct of migration, and are being swept by its resistless force into the currents of a new and independent existence. And thereby hangs the tale which this chapter is in part to unfold.

On such a morning as I have described Dan entered the kitchen precincts with a rueful face.

"What 's the matter?" asked Sarah sharply. "You look like the final judgment had come. Is your ole woman dead, or 've ye lost your 'baccy pouch?"

"Dar 's no 'casion for levity, Sary Ann," said the old man solemnly. "'Tings 's bad nuff, and y 'll see it byne by."

"Goody gracious me! Do speak up, man, and let 's know the wust on 't at wanst! What 's happened?"

"W'y sumfin mighty awful 's happen'd. I cl'ar to goodness dat Mars Mayfield's done gone—cl'ar—crazy!" Dan lowered his voice, and spoke in a husky sort of a growl which he doubtless meant for a whisper.

"Crazy?" screamed Sarah. "What on airth—" She stopped short in her sentence, for at that moment the Mistress entered the room. She had heard the ominous word on Sarah's lips and saw the terrified look upon both countenances. Her face blanched, and she sank into a chair overcome by an indefinable dread of some unknown peril. Her thoughts had run directly to her husband, who an hour or more ago had gone into the fields. Many readers will sympathize with the Mistress, though none, perhaps, can give any better reason than she why such unreasonable anticipations of evil to the best beloved should inevitably arise on occasions of sudden alarm.

The Mistress is not a woman to give way long before an unseen trouble. In a moment she had rallied, and demanded the cause of the excitement which she had witnessed.

Dan doffed his hat, thrust his great gaunt hands

through his matted hair and began a stammering explanation.

"W'y—w'y, you see, Miss 'Fiel', I war gwine froo de meadow while ago, and I sees Mars' Mayfiel' out dor standin' by de fence-pos'. He had 'is little spy-glass 'n 'is 'an, and wur a-spyin' somethin' 'r other. Jes den—"

The Mistress started to her feet.

"Has he been hurt? Tell me!"

"Hurt? No, miss, not a' tall; nuffin' 'v the kin', I do shore you. 'Z I wur sayin', jes then I seed 'im jump de fence like a wil' colt and break off over de meadow like mad. He ran back and forrud, zigzaggin' across de fiel' in de mos' cur'us way. Den he stopped stock still, and went back to de fence and spied at another pos', and off he goes ag'in like mad—"

The old man emphasized the last word, cast a peculiarly sad look toward the Mistress, and then went on, with the circumlocution which his tender heart had suggested:

"Off he shoots agin, I say, jes like mad, and goes froo wunst more dem wild zigzaggin' motions. I stood 'n watched 'im a w'ile, and then, clar to goodness, Misses, I done got right sick a seein' poor Mars' Mayfiel' tuk that a-way—so cur'us like—'s tho' he'd done loss 'is senses, and so I jes com straight home, and—"

"Oh, fudge!" The Mistress breaks in abruptly upon Dan's



BALLOONING OR FLYING SPIDERS.

story. Her face had undergone a strange transformation as the narrative proceeded. Its whiteness slowly flushed into crimson; its lines of anxiety gradually relaxed into curves of mirthfulness. Then came another change—tears mounted to the eyes, and as they trickled out upon the cheeks Dan had reached the climax of his story, and the good woman broke out into her hysterical cry of mingled anger, amusement and joy. Without another word she turned and left the kitchen, leaving Dan overwhelmed with amazement.

"Lawh bress yer, honey!" he said at last. "De news 's been too much for her. It's done turned her own head, too!"

Sarah was not much clearer than Dan in her view of the situation; but she saw, at least, that the old servant had made some sort of a mistake. She, therefore, came to his relief in her usual sharp way.

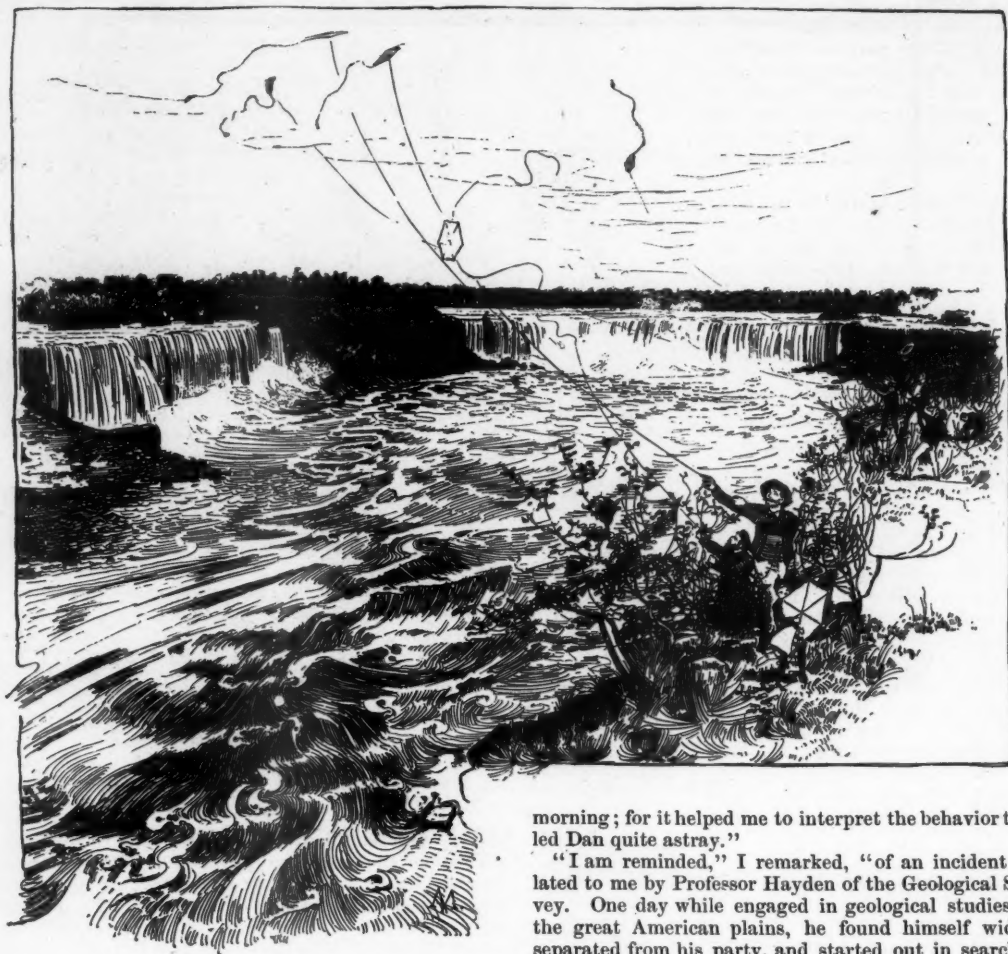
"There, Dan! Go 'long, now, to your work. You've been makin' a fool 'v yorself agin', 's usual. An' what's wuss, you 've gi'en the Mistress a powerful bad skeer. Putty feller you are, makin' out that your betters is crazy! I reckon you 're an old crank yourself, an' orter been sent to the 'sylum long ago. Go 'long, now, to your work!"

The irate cook flourished her pan so vigorously that Dan thought her advice was worth heeding, and walked off slowly, shaking his head, and muttering "Bout half de worl' wuz half cracked, anyhow, an' dat ole Sairy, de cook is de wuss one among 'em."

This is the story that the Mistress had to tell when we had drawn up our chairs to the sitting-room table for the weekly conversation about our insect Tenants!



BALLOONING SPIDER PREPARING TO ASCEND.



"KITING THE CATARACT."

The subject was Insect Engineering, and some of my field studies of the aeronautic flight of spiders, by way of preparation for our talk, had been the cause of Dan's alarm.

"Well, Dan," I said, for the old man was at his chosen seat on the cricket by the inner door, and appeared to enjoy the Mistress's account of his blunder as much as the rest of us, "you're not so much to blame after all." I can easily think that the strange attitudes of an entomologist, while in hot pursuit of his favorite study, would appear to persons who know nothing of his tastes and habits like the wild behavior of a madman. Besides, it is not the first time that I have been thought a little unsound on account of my natural history studies. Years ago when I first began to follow my specialties with some zeal, our good Mistress there—as she afterwards told me—spent many days in anxiety, and passed many hours in tears over what she supposed a development of insanity.

"Why, Mrs. Mayfield," exclaimed Abby, "could you have been so foolish?"

"It was even so," wife answered, "and the recollection of that fact proved a great comfort to me this

morning; for it helped me to interpret the behavior that led Dan quite astray."

"I am reminded," I remarked, "of an incident related to me by Professor Hayden of the Geological Survey. One day while engaged in geological studies on the great American plains, he found himself widely separated from his party, and started out in search of it. Presently, the outlines of human forms appeared upon the horizon, and thinking them to be his friends he turned his steps toward them. As he drew nearer he perceived that they were a band of Indians. Greatly alarmed, for there were hostile tribes in the vicinity, he turned and fled. But the Indians already had seen him. At best he was no match in speed for them, but he was now weighted down with specimens of various rocks and fossils, and was soon overtaken and surrounded. He was bidden to dismount, and immediately the savages, who had also dismounted, began to strip him of his personal possessions. Knife, hammer, watch, disappeared. Then the red hands were plunged into his pockets and withdrawn full of—stones! Again and again this was repeated; pockets, pouch, saddle-bags, all were emptied, and, as the pile of rocks grew upon the ground beside him, his plunderers broke into a loud laugh. Then they looked at him carefully, touched their foreheads significantly, as much as to say "he is crazy," and with that strange reverence for the insane, which characterizes our American Indians, they respectfully returned to him all his goods, mounted their broncos and rode away. I suspect that the savages are not the only persons who reason that one who can devote himself to collecting "rocks and bugs" is half crazy. For my part, I have about concluded that I was much nearer

perfect sanity in the days spent as a naturalist than afterward, when breaking down my health by hard work in collecting a fortune."

"But tell us," asked Abby, "what you were doing in the meadow when Dan saw you. I don't wonder, if his description is correct, that he did think you a little 'cur'us."

"Dan's description," I replied, laughing, "was a very good one, from the standpoint of an outside observer. The explanation is this: I had stationed myself by the fence to watch the 'flying spiders' as they are popularly called. This has been a golden day for the young balloonists, and they have been improving it finely. As I walked out this morning I saw long, white filaments of silk streaming from fence-posts, tall stalks of grass, clumps of weeds, shrubs, almost every elevated object in the fields. I knew by this token that the balloonists were abroad and busy. As I passed the Run I saw just at the point where it widens into the little pool an object of great beauty. It was a tiny and delicate, but perfect and quite strong suspension bridge."

"A bridge!" exclaimed Abby. "It is some of Harry's work, I warrant. He is the handiest boy in school with his jack-knife, and beats even our New England lads, which is saying a good deal."

I smiled and glanced at Harry, whose face colored under his partial teacher's praise. "Well, my boy, what say you? Was it your work?"

"No, sir; I never! I've got a 'flutter wheel' up there by the riffles, but nary bridge. I dunno who did it all."

"I quite believe you, Harry. Let me show you how the bridge was made, and that will help us to find the architect."

In lieu of a blackboard I had provided a package of wide Manila wrapping-paper and crayons. These served admirably for the rude outline sketching, by which I hoped in future to make our conversations somewhat more interesting to a mixed company, such as ours.

Here is the run; on this clump of cat-tails was fixed one of the anchorages; on the opposite bank, a-top of this cluster of flags, was the other abutment. Here from side to side was stretched a foundation line, and just below it another.

"What sort of stuff were they made of?" asked Hugh Bond.

"To be sure, I should have mentioned that before. They were silken lines. Between the two, near the middle point, was constructed a series of truss-like supports, something like this."

The family group had gathered about the table, and bent over, eagerly watching the movements of my pencil. Before I had finished the sketch two or three voices exclaimed in chorus:

"A spider's web?"

"Yes, the snare of an orb-weaving spider. That is the suspension bridge which attracted my attention this morning, and I certainly think it a very pretty and ingenious one. A little further down the stream where the bank rises higher and is crowned on either side with sumach and blackberry vines, another orb-weaver had stretched her cables, and when I first noticed her was running along one line toward the center. She hung

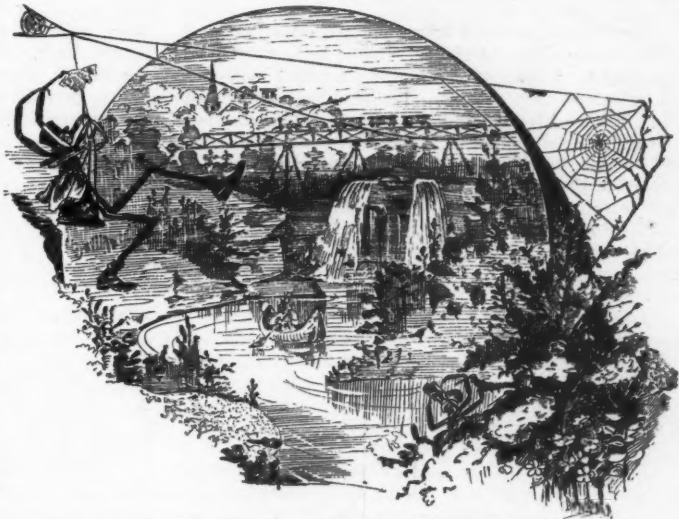
head downward and moved one leg after another in a hand-over-hand sort of way. When she reached the middle point of the line, she began spinning a round web like this which I have drawn."

"How did she git those lines across the run?" asked Hugh; "that puzzles me. She didn't swim across with it, I reckon? Though I have seed spiders swimmin' or runnin' on the water."

"Not this kind, Hugh. Our spider laid the main cables of her bridge in a quite different way. The fact is she proceeded much in the manner of Charles Ellet, the engineer who built the first suspension bridge over Niagara river in 1840. The first difficulty to be overcome was to get a string across the chasm. A reward of five dollars was offered for the first string landed on the opposite shore and this brought a host of kite-flyers to the scene. The kites fluttered like a flock of birds across the whirling flood and soon entangled on the bank beyond. The first string thus stretched, a wire was next drawn across, and heavier wires in succession followed until the great foundation cables were laid at length, and thence the weaving of the substantial wire bridge became comparatively easy."

"You don't mean to tell us that spiders really fly kites?" asked Abby.

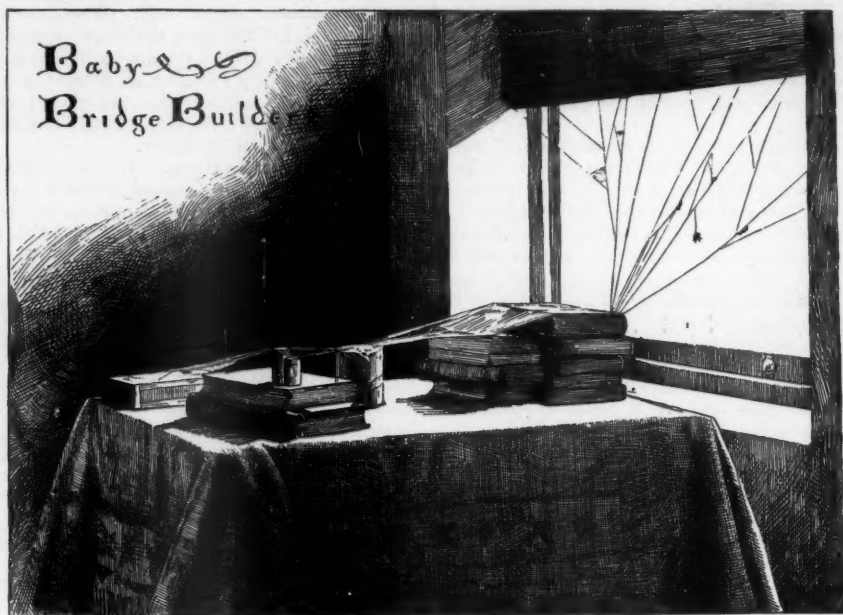
"Well, it amounts about to that; although, properly speaking, they fly cords instead of kites. As a rule, there is no object at the end of their lines which corresponds to the kite itself, although I have sometimes



THE ORIGINAL BROOK-LINE BRIDGE.—"ENGINEER ARACHNE MAKES A FIRST CROSSING."

seen even that closely represented by broadened bits of silk hammock-shaped ribbon attached to the filaments spun out by orb-weavers when preparing for aeronautic flight. However, the principle upon which a spider stretches her bridge-lines across a stream or practices ballooning is precisely that upon which American boys and Chinese men fly their kites; so that the engineer of the Niagara bridge and the spider-engineer of the silken bridges over Townes' Run operated upon the same principle."

"But tell us how it was done," said Abby. "I haven't the most remote idea how such a creature can fly either a 'kite' or a 'string,' much less how it can go 'ballooning.'"



"I will do so, and that brings me to the starting point of Dan's morning experience. When he saw me I was standing by a fence-post watching a small saltigrade spider mount into the air. Its head was toward the wind, its eight feet spread out in a circle, its abdomen turned in the direction of the wind and elevated about 45°. From the little rosette of spinning mammals at the end of the abdomen issued several very delicate filaments which were caught by the breeze and floated upward to the length of several feet. The legs of the animal gradually bent backward and downward, and then—pop! with a quick vault the wee creature was off and away.

"I leaped the fence, followed at full speed, trying to keep my eyes upon the aeronaut, which, of course, at times compelled me to run back and forth, and at zig-zag, as Dan put it, over the meadow. This had to be repeated with a number of specimens; but in the course of the morning I succeeded in confirming and completing observations which I had made years ago."

"But, tell us," Abby asked, "how the spiders got started in their flight over the meadow, and what that has to do with your suspension bridges?"

"Pardon me. I had taken too much for granted, I see. The spider, clinging to the post, sets its spinning apparatus in operation, the liquid silk, as it issues from silk glands through the many tiny tubes on the spinnerets, is immediately hardened at contact with the air, is caught by the wind and drawn out into long threads. Presently enough thread is spun out to overcome by its buoyancy the weight of a spider, precisely as the buoyancy of a balloon overcomes the weight of the aeronaut and his car, and permits them to ascend into and float upon the air. At that moment, which the spider recognizes by the upward traction of the threads, she leaps up and is carried off in the direction of the wind. Immediately after mounting she turns around, grasps her thread-balloon with her feet, spins out a little basket or mesh of connecting lines which her feet clasp, and

then emits from her spinnerets another pencil of delicate threads. She now rides on a tiny net hung back downward between the two long, floating filaments, and is carried before the wind 'where it listeth,' until the balloon strikes and entangles upon bush, tree, or other elevated object, when she dismounts and sets up housekeeping for herself."

"Have the spiders any control of their own descent?" asked Abby, "or are they wholly dependent upon the action of the wind?"

"I should have answered, before this morning, that they are entirely at the mercy of the wind. But I have now seen that which changes my opinion. One of the balloonists whom I carefully observed to-day secured its own descent by gradually drawing in the floating lines until they gathered in a minute white pellet above the mandibles. As the lines shortened the buoyancy decreased, the weight of the spider yielded to gravitation, until gradually she was drawn to the ground and alighted on the grass. If this observation shall be confirmed as a truly typical one, we must concede that the little araneid produces, by lengthening her lines, a result similar to that of the human aeronaut who throws out his ballast of sand; and, by gathering in the lines accomplishes what ballooning man performs when he pulls the valve and permits the gas to escape."

"To return to our bridge. The orbweaver when building a snare proceeds, in the main, after the manner of the ballooning saltigrade. She stations herself upon a leaf or branch, or top of a twig, opens her spinnerets and emits a thread which the wind takes up and carries out until it entangles on some adjacent object. At other times she drops from her perch, spinning after her a thread, to the end of which she hangs in a little meshed basket rapidly woven. While swinging in this position she emits her trial lines as before.

"Now, let us suppose our orbweaver seated upon this tall cat-tail, seeking to make her web. The wind blows straight across the Run, and carries out her thread. It

catches upon the opposite clump of flags, a fact which the engineer at once perceives, and pulls the line taut. She pushes upon it with her feet to test it, then ventures upon it, and rapidly runs across, dragging after her a second cord, which unites with and strengthens the first.

"I chanced to be in New York when Farrington, the engineer, made the first voyage upon the initial cables of the Brooklyn bridge across the East River, and, upon invitation of a friend, went down to witness the transit. As I watched the bold fellow hung far aloft and moving above the sea waves beneath, I was so forcibly reminded of this behavior of my spider friends which I have just been describing, that I could not forbear pointing out the likeness to my friend, a distinguished engineer, very much to his disgust.

"The cable which the spider has thus formed is strengthened by several overlays, made in successive trips back and forth, until it is strong enough to serve as a foundation cable. A second cable is stretched in a similar manner, and then the little architect proceeds to weave in her snare."

"How long are those foundation lines?" asked the Schoolma'am.

"That depends upon the direction of the wind and character of the site. If there are elevated objects quite near in the direct course of the threads the lines will soon entangle and be short; but if there be a wide, open space before the lines they will stretch out for a goodly distance. Our Townes' Run bridge cables were not above ten feet long, but I have seen such lines twenty-five, thirty, and even some of forty feet in

length stretched from tree to tree across a country road."

"I mind seein' one, sir," said Hugh, "right here on the old farm much longer than 'n them. I was crossin' the yard a leetle arter sun-up when I seed suthin' glintin' in the air like a fine wire. It stretched from a bush, aside the kerriage-entrance, across the track. I didn't see the ends of the thing, just the middle part, and I thot at wanst that some rascal had been stretchin' a wire across the road to knock off the hats of horse-men—it was about that height. I was mighty angry, 'v course, and went to pull down the wire, when lo an' behold, it wur a spider web! I felt powerful small at bein' fooled so, but somehow the thread seemed magnified by the sun, an' I only seed it now an' again as the light twinkled on it. However, I concluded to measure it. I followed it with my eye clare to the top 'v the old sycamore tree, and calkerlated that it was more 'n a hundred feet long. I never thot much about it, and never saw nothin' till now. I've often seed them stringin' webs around the place, but never one anythin' like 's long as that 'n. I never know'd how they wur made nutter; an' I'm very much obleeged to you fer tellin' us."

"And for my part, I am greatly obliged to you, Hugh, for your fact, which is really a valuable contribution to our knowledge, as I also have never seen nor heard of a spider's bridge-line as long as the one you describe. There are many such facts, by the way, picked up by non-scientific observers in ordinary life, which would be of greatest value to the naturalist could they be made known."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAITING.

(A MESSAGE TO ALETHEA IN EUROPE, FAVORED BY HESPERIS).

I STAND by my window waiting, alone on Columbia's Height:

Waiting alone all day, still waiting alone by night;

Waiting, waiting, waiting, as I strain my tear-dim'd eyes,

Hoping to catch some message, perchance, from those glowing skies.

Far o'er the Orange Mountains, far o'er the busy town,

I see the sun reclining on his bed of golden down,

And I know that soon Aurora will kiss my darling's brow,

As she steals from my Thea's brightness a yet more brilliant glow,

To leave with the morn at my window—for I *still* stand waiting here

Thinking my sweet is coming, my love, my queen, my Thea!—

Waiting, waiting, waiting, as I strain my tear-dim'd eyes.

Hoping to catch some message, perchance, from those glowing skies.

Columbia Heights, Brooklyn.

COMING.

(THEA'S REPLY, FAVORED BY AN ECHO).

My Darling, thy message has reached me. Sweet zephyrs shall waft thee reply—

Stand no more *alone* at thy window, thou shalt *feel* that thy Thea is nigh,

For I'll sing thee the songs that thou lovest, and I know thou wilt catch the refrain;

At eve thou shalt hear a soft echo, "Hope on we shall meet, dear, again;"

And at night in thy dreams I will soothe thee, with the lay that I sang thee of yore

It shall whisper, aye "Never to part, oh, Darling—to part never more;"

And the joy of this strain shall awake thee as it floats o'er the murm'ring sea

With the brightness of morn through thy window 'I am coming, my love, to thee,

"I am coming, I am coming, I am coming, oh my love, to thee!"

Glasgow, Scotland.

ALBERT GRAY.

ADOPTING AN AUTHORESS.

BY FRANK LOUIS SLEGT.

"THE girl has talent," said Dr. Dunscombe, with some heat, "and she ought to have opportunity."

"Bah!" ejaculated a voice from the duskiest of a near corner, where the glow of his pipe-bowl alone betrayed the owner's proximity. "You are always finding sea-serpents, Dunscombe, that turn out very ordinary water-snakes after all."

All but Dunscombe laughed.

"It is just as well, all the same," he said, a little irritably, apparently seeing nothing funny in the matter, "to make sure that they are water-snakes first; and not run the risk of leaving a sea-serpent to die unnoticed and unappreciated for the lack of a little encouragement."

"It has been my experience that when a sea-serpent is the veritable article, he—or she—would be better in this case, I suppose—has the power of commanding notice and appreciation from even the most unwilling public."

"Granted; but the appreciation comes, in nine cases out of ten, when the sea-serpent is past encouragement."

"All the better for the public, then," pursued the even voice. "It has the pleasure and self-glorification of the discovery, without the expense of the encouragement."

"You are more than usually antagonistic to-night, Bruce," observed a quiet little man on the other side of the store. "Do stop arguing the matter and let us hear where Dunscombe ran across his last *rara avis*."

"She isn't a *rara avis*," rising to his feet in an offended manner, and beginning to button his coat. "I don't lay claim to any startling brilliancy on her part. She is simply ambitious and talented, and her writings are entirely too good for the little one-horse country newspaper which is her only medium for publication. I thought some of you fellows might be generous and chivalrous enough to join me in assisting her to something better. I didn't introduce the subject with the intention of having her laughed at."

"Nonsense, Dunscombe—nobody has laughed at her nor intended to!" cried several voices, while a friendly hand stretched itself out from the dark corner and pulled him down into his chair again.

"Bruce was only chaffing. Of course we will assist you in helping her if we can, but you haven't told us yet 'what's her name an' where's her home,'" again put in the small quiet man, whom, to save further inconvenience, we will at once introduce as Garry De Wint.

"Her name is Stratton—Edwina Stratton," answered the doctor, tipping his chair comfortably back on its hind legs, and speaking in a somewhat mollified tone; "and she lives in one of those bare-looking little cottages down on River street. I was called there a couple of weeks ago, to prescribe for her mother, who is down with rheumatic fever. There are only the two of them, and the daughter supports them both, by teaching through the day, and writing at night. I should never have found it out from Miss Stratton, who is rather reserved and stand-offish in her manner, but her mother proved more communicative one morning when I was alone with her for a few minutes."

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"A hint to you to be moderate in your charges, probably," put in Bruce.

"Possibly; but she is very anxious, too, about her daughter's health. I think she is overworking herself, and all that sort of thing, and yet can do nothing to relieve her. I can tell you, boys, it was quite a pitiful story—the way she told it."

"You're too soft-hearted for the profession, Doc.," criticised Hal McLean, noting mentally, the while, the heads of a vigorous editorial in favor of an increased rate of payment for female labor, which he meant to write up for the morning *Courier*.

"Oh, it's very well for you to say, but any one of you would have been as bad as I, if you had been there. To make matters worse, now, the girl has had to be out of school during her mother's illness, thereby losing a part of her salary, and, of course, the writing has had to be stopped. They must have hard times getting along, I should think."

All the men were silent for a time, apparently resolving the last knotty point.

"What do you propose doing?" at last inquired Harry Swift, the energetic curate of St. Catherine's, who, having a comfortable private fortune, invariably spent his salary in charities.

"Well, you see, she ought to give up dribbling her brains away on that two-penny paper, and turn them to something that will give her a start as a writer. A novel would be the best thing. That gives one a settled position, and an 'open sesame' to the better class of periodicals."

"Always providing it makes a hit," again struck in Bruce.

"Oh, that goes without telling. She has talent, as I said, and a rather unusual and interesting way of putting things. She would write something quite worth reading, I haven't a doubt. The greatest difficulty is what they would live on while she is doing it, for she would have to give up her school, and settle regularly to work."

"What is their income now; have you any idea?" queried Swift.

"About five hundred dollars, I should judge from what the mother said."

Three or four of the mustached mouths gave a soft, prolonged whistle.

"How long do you suppose it would take her to write the novel?"

"Oh, six months, probably; not more than that. You see it needn't be anything very deep, but only bright and readable; like one half the novels one picks up now-a-days."

"Five hundred dollars," mused Swift. "That is two hundred and fifty for the six months—fifty dollars for each of us; and we can all well afford it. Supposing we adopt her for the time; be fathers to her, as it were?"

The five men, all young and unmarried, laughed amusedly at the proposition.

"The question is, what would Miss Stratton say to five fathers all under thirty-five," said McLean.

"She's as proud as Lucifer, and would never consent to place herself under what she would consider an obligation," objected Dr. Dunscombe.

"She might pay it back, if she felt over-burdened, from the proceeds of the novel," suggested Bruce, satirically.

"That might prove an uncertainty, and she would be the first to see it," Dunscombe answered in perfect good faith. "She will never consent to receiving a cent unless she thinks she is earning it."

"I don't see the necessity of letting her know anything about the 'fathering,'" put in De Wint. "If she's the kind of girl I take her to be, she will be more indignant than grateful for our help in that way. Why can't we trump up some story about a publisher seeing some of her stories in this two-penny paper Dunscombe tells about, being struck with the style of the writer and all that sort of thing, and anxious to have her try her hand at a book, principally for his own benefit. Of course the question of money will come up, and he can offer to advance the necessary amount while the novel is in progress."

"Do you suppose she could be brought to believe all that trash?" asked McLean doubtfully.

"The vanity of an author is capable of anything," came from the dark corner.

"Who's to play the part of publisher, then?" asked Dr. Dunscombe.

"I should think McLean would be the one," said Harry Swift. "He must be used to that sort of thing."

"That's out of the question," hurriedly interrupted the gentleman mentioned, "for I think she knows me. I have a hazy idea that she came to my office once; but I don't print stories, as you know, and she didn't seem to think she could write anything in our line. I remember feeling quite interested in her at the time, but it had slipped my mind."

"Then Bruce will have to do it," said De Wint. He is the only one among us who has the properly hardened and calculating cast of countenance."

"And the requisite dramatic ability," slipped in Swift, referring with keen relish to an old joke against Bruce.

"Humph!" disgustedly, from Bruce.

"But you will do it, will you not?" inquired Dr. Dunscombe.

"And make an infernal ass of myself! I should think that, before we push into the thing, it might be as well to read something she has written."

"I thought of that and came prepared," said Dunscombe, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"Here, Swift; you ought to be able to do it best, come and read it to us."

As Donald Bruce rose lazily, and struck a match to light the student lamp on his office table, he seemed to tower above his fellows like a modern Timon; not so much from any superiority in height as from a certain erect carriage of his massive head and shoulders, an erectness that suited well with his large strongly-marked features and loose massiveness of dark hair. All of the five were intelligent, earnest, well-looking men, with much of the vigor and enthusiasm of extreme youth yet about them. This dropping into Dan Bruce's law office, to have a chat over their pipes in the twilight, had come to be an almost daily occurrence with the friends, and all felt more or less aggrieved when, by chance, any one of the five happened to be absent.

Many had been the earnest talks, quiet, unobtrusive charities, boyish escapades, and wars of merry badinage, those twilight meetings had resulted in, but this bade fair to be an evening of evenings—a something to

be remembered in the dim future—as the time when they had outdone all former efforts by adopting an authoress.

In the meantime Harry Swift had begun his reading. The story was a pretty little conceit enough, and told in a pleasant style, but showing a slight taint of morbidness. As the reader's voice ceased, Garry De Wint said, complimentarily: "That isn't bad."

"No," acquiesced Bruce, but with an emphasis on the last word that entirely destroyed the complimentary tone; "that isn't *bad*."

"Bruce is grouty because nobody offers to keep him six months, while *he* writes a novel," laughed McLean; and when little De Wint added:

"We would find it a rather more expensive amusement, I am thinking," even Bruce joined good-naturedly in the laugh at his expense.

"You will play the publisher, will you not?" Dr. Dunscombe again inquired of him, as they buttoned up their coats and drew on their gloves preparatory to turning out into the cold streets, and Bruce answered ungraciously:

"I suppose likely; but I am an undeniable proof that the fools aren't all dead yet."

The friends made their appearance in the warm, cosy office unusually early the next night, and there was a storm of questions for Bruce.

"Well, did you go?"

"What did she say?"

"Hope you have settled it."

"Out with it, old fellow!"

To all of which Bruce misquoted, gravely, as he stood with his back to the fire:

"I went, I saw, I conquered."

"So far, so good, then," commented the doctor, as he rubbed his hands in high good humor before the cheerful blaze. I feel as though a load had been taken off my mind. That girl and her mother have worried me more than a little."

"And yet I should think you would meet with many infinitely sadder and more wretched cases than theirs, in the course of your practice," said Harry Swift, thoughtfully.

"More wretched, yes," answered the doctor, in the same tone. "Sadder, no. These women are evidently as gentle, refined ladies as our own mothers and sisters, and they are struggling desperately with a poverty which is harder and more cruel to them than greater depth would be to coarser and less sensitive natures. You see there is an innate pride against acknowledging it as poverty, and, throwing aside all innocent disguises, allowing it to stalk forth and assert itself. The bitterest part of penury with men and women who have been gently born and bred, is the perpetual and agonizing strain of trying to keep up an appearance of comfort."

"It is all a piece of foolishness," interjected Bruce, irritably.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "but the foolishness is there all the same, not to be got rid of; and it is this foolishness that makes the sadness of it all."

"But you haven't told us anything about your visit, Don," said De Wint, harking back to the original topic when he found the present one getting uncomfortably grave. "What did you say? What did she say? What did you do?"

"Do?" answering the last question first, "Why, I acted as paternally as I knew how. I believe that is what is generally expected of a father, even if a girl is blessed—or cursed—with five of them."

The idea of Bruce acting in a paternal manner toward any one, particularly a woman of twenty-four, seemed to strike his four auditors in a comical light, for they all laughed.

"Well, but what did you tell her?"

"Why, I told her what you told me to tell her, of course," a trifle crossly. "If I had supposed I should be called upon to give an exhaustive account of the interview, I should have taken notes of the conversation, and let you read them for yourselves."

"And she really believed all that trash!" ejaculated McLean, wonderingly.

"Didn't I tell you an author's vanity was equal to anything?"

"How did you arrange about the money matter?" asked Swift.

"She is to be paid ten dollars weekly, while the novel is in progress; in addition to which she is to receive one-fourth of the profit from the sale of the book."

A nod, expressive of satisfaction with this arrangement, ran round the circle, until Harry Swift inquired, with sudden energy:

"Of course she thinks you, as publisher, are to have the other three-fourths; but what is to become of it in reality?"

"I don't imagine," answered Bruce, slowly and satirically, "that *all* the profit will amount to a sum that she will not accept in perfect good faith as the one-fourth, I promised her."

"And she expressed no surprise nor suspicion at your unheard-of interest and proposition!" asked McLean, still ejaculatory and dazed.

"She was decidedly surprised," answered Bruce, gravely; "but very quiet and dignified through it all, with a great and underlying gladness very plainly to be seen. She asked me if it was customary for publishers to make such an offer, and I told her it was the way I did, when I thought it would pay."

"Bravo!" applauded Dunscombe.

"Well, I don't see but that we got it all out of you after all, old fellow, in spite of your prickliness at the outset;" and De Wint began to get himself in shape for his cold walk.

Bruce's lips stretched themselves quietly under his heavy mustache, but he made no comment.

"I suppose you are to call every week to make settlements and inquiries about the progress of the book;" suggested McLean rather mischievously, but Bruce replied in the affirmative so gravely and absently that the joke, if joke it was intended to be, was lost.

The winter had stormed, and snowed, and frozen itself out, and blustering March, and tearful April, and capricious May had subsided gently and comfortably into sweet, blossomy, sunshiny June, when Donald Bruce announced to the fathers one evening that the much-talked-of, much-anticipated book was finished and awaiting their critical hearing.

You may be sure that during this long interval neither the book nor its author had been treated by them with the silent neglect which I have been obliged to adopt toward them. Every week Bruce had been called upon for a distinct statement of the progress made, and for answers to such a variety of pertinent and impertinent questions in connection therewith, that he finally waxed wroth, as he had an uncivil habit of doing on slight provocation, and refused bluntly to give any information at all for the future ex-

cept the simple fact of the number of chapters accomplished since the last communication.

To make the refusal still more pointed, he invariably announced the number in stentorian tones to each new comer as he dropped in after the weekly visit. This produced no silencing effect upon the irrepressibles, however, who rather enjoyed his churlishness than otherwise, and took a malicious satisfaction in talking the matter over among themselves until they provoked wrathful comments from him whether he would or no.

This voluntary announcement of his, as the completion of the book, consequently was out of the ordinary order of things, apart from the information it conveyed, and was joyously hailed from all sides.

"Have you it with you?" asked McLean; and the bulky manuscript was silently produced.

"Writes a good hand," commented Harry Swift, approvingly, as he contemplated the firm, bold pen strokes. "Who is going to read it to us?"

"Why you, of course," answered De Wint. "The only question is, when will you begin?"

"Better begin as soon as possible I should think, and get it over with," put in Bruce with a wide yawn and unearthly stretch, as if bored in anticipation. "You fellows come back after your dinners, and we will finish it at one sitting if the sitting lasts all night. Luckily there is nobody around to be disturbed by our orgie."

Accordingly, in two hours' time they were all back in the comfortable office, lounging around in various attitudes, suggestive of ease and comfort, smoking industriously, and listening in unbroken silence to Harry Swift's musical, well-modulated voice. On, and on, and on, went the smooth tones—hour after hour, and hour after hour—until one watching him would have wondered if his throat didn't ache, and his voice buzz in his own ears. He suffered no apparent inconvenience, however; and as he laid the last leaf of the manuscript down, when the hours in the morning had gotten beyond being "wee and sma'," he looked inquiringly at his silent auditors.

There was an ominous pause. There was no denying the fact that the novel was a disappointment. The characters were mostly overdrawn or underdrawn; the plot weak; the style, pleasant at first, grew strained and monotonous toward the last; the result of the whole, mediocre to a degree. There would occur at times, however, a flash of bright thought brightly expressed; a gleam of quaint wisdom beyond the writer's age and experience; an underlying pathos and power to some simple passage that caused the tears to spring unbidden to the hearer's eyes; and these, few and far between though they were, lifted it from the abyss of absolute worthlessness.

"It is about what I expected," said Bruce at last. "There's not a woman on earth, nor ever has been, who can write a novel fit to read!"

"How about George Elliott, and Frederica Bremer, and two or three others of their ilk?" inquired, McLean.

"The first affected masculinity without possessing it, and the second wrote simple little home stories that any one could scribble;" sweepingly asserted Bruce, too irritated to be either just or reasonable.

"I don't think it so very bad, I am sure," said De Wint, who always determinedly looked on the bright side of things. "I have read some novels that were worse."

"Damned with faint praise," ironically quoted Bruce. "They were probably written by people who

had made a name for themselves first by some lucky hit, and so could afford to be weak and trashy."

"It is weak, certainly," admitted Dr. Dunscombe, considerably crestfallen, "but I think you are hasty in calling it trashy. There are passages in it which would be no disgrace to Marian Evans herself."

"But they are the exceptions, while the weakness and trashiness are the rule; you can't get over that fact."

"Apparently Dr. Dunscombe saw the impossibility, for he relapsed into silence."

"Well, what are we to do with it?" asked Swift, carefully squaring the pile of manuscript as it lay before him with gentle touches of his hands at the opposite sides.

"Why not send it to some publisher, anyway," suggested the optimist. "We have expected so much that we are not fair judges, probably, and may be unreasonably disappointed. It can do no harm to find out what other people think of it."

As nobody made any objection, except Bruce, who objected to everything on principle, the suggestion was carried out, and the manuscript lay on the table all ready for the express office, enclosed in a sealed wrapper, and addressed to a leading firm of publishers, before the friends went out into the dim morning light, and separated, in somewhat dejected spirits, for their several homes.

In a fortnight the manuscript had come back, with a courteous little note: "Returned with thanks," etc., etc.

"Send it again to some one else," advised the undaunted De Wint, and again it was put in a fresh wrapper and started off on its travels.

In the meantime Donald Bruce was working secretly and on his own responsibility. With a great deal of patient industry and intricate wire-pulling he finally succeeded in obtaining for Miss Stratton a permanent and fairly lucrative position, as contributor to a lively little weekly periodical, devoting itself entirely to fiction, and fiction in an abridged form, its immaculate pages presenting themselves virtuously free from those serial stories which tend to rouse the hidden Adam in poor, weak human nature by invariably stopping at the most thrilling and critical point in the narrative. Not a word of this, however, came to the ears of his fellow-conspirators, and in wretched ignorance that there was no need for present anxiety, they worried themselves considerably over Miss Stratton and Miss Stratton's financial affairs.

They authorized Bruce to deliver the weekly allowance over to her as usual, with the explanation that there was some unavoidable delay in the publication of the book, and the money now advanced would be deducted from her one-fourth share of the profits when they began to come in. But this deception could not be kept up forever, and the fathers began to ask themselves blankly what they should do when deception was no longer possible. Their adoption was beginning to take a turn that at least four of them had never foreseen. On assembling as usual one August evening, the well-known brown parcel was discovered on its customary corner of the office table, sent back for the fifth time. Even De Wint looked completely discouraged.

"This looks monotonous," observed McLean, picking up and glancing over the regular courteously-worded note of rejection. "I move that we burn the thing."

"You will do nothing of the kind," contradicted Bruce. "I have grown so accustomed to seeing it on my table that I should feel completely at a loss without it. It will do for a paper-weight."

"It has proved a veritable paper-weight to us," said Dunscombe, meekly, too miserable to laugh even at his own joke. "I feel that I owe you fellows an apology for getting you into this scrape. It has certainly turned out more seriously than any of us expected."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Harry Swift, good-naturedly, "We needn't have undertaken the thing unless we had chosen to. What I would like, though, would be to have some one show me a decent way out of it."

"I don't see anything for it but to go in a body, and make a clean breast of it to the young lady," said De Wint. "No one of us, of course, would want to do it alone, and it won't be an over-delightful job to do it together; but there is strength in numbers, we are told. I hope it means moral, as well as physical, strength. We can delicately hint, you know, that we consider it our pleasure, as well as our bounden duty, to care for herself and her mother until she is in a position to do it herself."

"She will be much more apt to show us the door than accept our aid," commented Dr. Dunscombe, forlornly.

During the colloquy, Bruce had been sitting buried, apparently, in a brown study. Now he looked up, with a malicious twinkle in his eyes, but in his manner all the energy of a sudden and brilliant inspiration.

"I'll tell you, boys!" he exclaimed, "I'll marry her!"

And that is what he did. It is quite safe to assume, however, that he had obtained Miss Stratton's sanction to so extreme a measure before he ventured to propose it as a means of escape from their unpleasant predicament.

On the day of the wedding, the four ushers received each a little packet, done up neatly in satin paper, and tied with white ribbon; and with each packet was a note, containing Mrs. Donald Bruce's warm thanks and acknowledgements for favors received.

It is hardly necessary to add that each packet contained the exact sixty-nine dollars and twenty cents contributed by the usher when he was playing father to an authoress.

On Dr. Dunscombe's package, written across in Bruce's handwriting, were the words: "A sea-serpent, after all; accept apologies."

Whether Mrs. Bruce ever knew all the details of her adoption never transpired; but if she did, she kept them wisely to herself, and counts her husband's four friends as her own; the only change worthy of note being—improbable as the statement may seem—that her cosy back-parlor is now more frequently their place of meeting than the law-office used to be in the days of bachelorhood.

SHAKESPEARE AS A CONTEMPORARY.

O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant.

—*Hamlet*, Act III., sc. 2.

"O, now, he makes a mistake there," exclaimed an ingenuous youth, seated just behind us in the parquet circle.

He and his companion had, been highly amused with the humor of the ring episode in "The Merchant of Venice," and when poor *Bassanio*, quivering long enough on the uncomfortable horns of his dilemma, at last yielded his precious ring to the wise young doctor's capricious taste for a fee in that particular form, they chuckled together in the most irrepressible and contagious way. To borrow an expressive phrase from "The Tale of the Jabbawocky," they fairly "chortled in their joy." Their mirth seemed to give the time-honored drama a strange freshness. In fact, the play was fresher to them, and more absorbing, than "Romany Rye" or "The Rajah."

"Won't he catch it when he gets home, though," continued this youth of enviable unsophistication, referring still to *Bassanio*, of course, and evidently waiting eagerly for the succeeding scenes to unfold their story and confirm his prophetic conjecture.

Such ignorance of Shakespeare was surprising—almost disgusting. Still, after our first surprise had exhausted itself, and that momentary disdain had passed away in which it is so natural to indulge ourselves when we have occasion to realize that there are persons to whose inexperience the matters of course of our superior knowledge are indecorously novel—we were glad to acknowledge that the play had brought us so fresh and self-forgetful a pleasure. We, also, had been attending the play as though for the first time, getting a livelier sense of its stage pertinency than we ever had before, and delighting afresh in its graceful surprises and exquisite wit, for, obviously, much the same reasons that made our neighbors find it so irresistibly enlivening.

The situation suggested new points of view for the consideration of Shakespeare's genius, and especially new points of praise for Henry Irving's peculiarly effective, artistic talent. For it was Irving's rendering of "The Merchant of Venice" which had so entertained these lucky young men of the unjaded Shakespearian appetite; and it is Irving's management of plays, whose glorious lustre has been coated over and concealed by many dull and slovenly misrepresentations, which gives their familiar outlines a vivid, almost contemporaneous interest. Regarding Miss Ellen Terry's charming, dramatic insight, and Irving's own admirably, skillful and efficient methods of interpretation—but above all, appreciating the minute and loving study of Irving's management, the harmonious adjustments and shading of all the parts, and the well-rounded finish of the whole—we confessed with grateful surprise that we had never seen Shakespeare played until then. We did not forget Salvini or Booth, or any others of the elder lights who have illuminated the Shakespearian stage, but we remembered also how their eminent brilliancy

made the dramatic darkness, which closed in about them on the same boards, seem all the blacker in contrast.

We have all had cause to understand only too well how interminably dreary the ordinary representation of Shakespeare seems to ordinary theatre-goers. They rouse themselves in presence of the "Star," and resign themselves to patience and blank respect for the classic in his absence. Even the righteous indignation the enthusiastic student of Shakespeare feels, when the rich text is shamefully mangled and abused, is not enough to keep him from yawning. On every stage but Irving's the great actor of Shakespeare is a tower of strength set in a weary waste of bog. How can it be expected, when no such honest and entire preparation and thorough enterprise is exercised as would serve to secure a dozen nights' success to some short-lived mummery, that those long-worn dramas of Shakespeare's would hold their own? Yet by what miracle of ineffaceable genius have they held their own so long! Neither the thousand changes of the changing years, nor the most fragmentary acting, have sufficed to blur altogether from our sight their wonderful adaptability to all times. Now we have a new illustration of their practical efficacy to excite present popular interest, thanks to Mr. Irving's detailed and comprehensive care for the inter-dependent relations of all their component parts, and we can make them our own again with as fresh a pleasure as though they had not been for three centuries the delight of our English literature.

There has been abundant criticism of Mr. Irving's individual dramatic power. It would be hard to find a quality of it which has not been weighed. Perhaps, however, he has not yet received praise enough for this—that he has given us well-graced and fitly-appointed Shakespearian banquets instead of unsatisfactory and poorly ordered piecemeals.

These scenic feasts have proved so delicious to the taste, and so good for the health of all dramatic art, that we cannot but hope this work which Irving has instituted may find as conscientious and artistic directors to carry it on. It has been rumored that Mr. Irving contemplates establishing a theatre in New York, which would be virtually a branch of the Lyceum. Whether this good fortune shall fall to us, or whether we must find us another acting-manager, it is certain there is permanent demand here, as in England, for as complete and adequate stage-setting of Shakespeare as can be given.

Mr. Irving has had the daring to treat Shakespeare as if he were, indeed, his contemporary. Such, in a certain spiritual sense, he really is; he has let no tradition of heavy stupidity obscure the human light and warmth which lives immured by magic in these greatest dramas. He has given them every benefit of modern artistic appliance and of modern delicacy and intensity of interpretation; and in thus introducing Shakespeare into practical and active competition with modern plays and playwrights, he has secured himself indisputable honor, and has opened for the modern stage a source of regenerating and stimulating influences whose effects must be inestimably valuable.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

SOME NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT.

OUR bright neighbor, *The Mail and Express*, recently took up the statistics of education in Alabama, and, after showing how little was done for education by the state, used this as an argument against national education. "It behooves," says the editor, "the State of Alabama to manifest its own willingness to promote education more than it has hitherto done, before asking the general government to appropriate funds in its aid." This view is a very frequent one. Our neighbor of the *Mail* is not the first who has been misled by the fallacy. National aid to education does not mean, or *should* not mean, the giving of funds to any state to be under state control. Such a principle is destructive of every good result that may be expected from national action. It is a temptation to do evil placed before every state legislature of a character which hardly any body of legislators has yet been able to resist. It is for this very reason that we have prepared the plan that has already been outlined in *THE CONTINENT*. The money should go directly from the national treasury to the hands of the teacher duly qualified, who has already performed effective work in a school which is neither hypothetical nor doubtful, one that is not yet to be put in operation, nor its effectiveness determined by experiment; but one which has been in actual operation during the year for which the appropriation is made, has had a certain specific average attendance, has accomplished certain tangible results within a specific district. This national fund, also, should never, in any case, exceed one-half the actual sum expended for teachers' salaries in such schools. Upon this plan it becomes absolutely essential that either the people of the district themselves, or the township, or the county, or the state, shall furnish the school-house, the school books, and one-half the teacher's salary; that all of these should have been given, maintained, and used effectively during a certain period before one cent of the money of the United States can be applied to the support of any school in that district. It thus becomes, not a reward for slothfulness, not an incentive to failure of exertion, but a constant stimulus to every live man and woman, to every municipal organization, to every county, and to every state. The very fact that Alabama does next to nothing for the education of her illiterates, is the strongest possible argument in favor of the government of the United States proceeding without delay to dangle in the eyes of her citizens a reward for well-doing, a stimulus to activity and exertion in this direction. By these means an appropriation of fifteen millions of dollars per annum, by the government of the United States, will compel the people of the South to raise at least twenty millions every year for educational purposes, either by public or by private contributions. This result we claim as one of the chief merits of the plan which we have devised. No other method that has yet been hinted at, embraces this idea. It is the answer, full and complete, to all cavillers at the North, whose growling our neighbor of the *Express* has unwittingly repeated. The less the South is doing for education the more ready the people of the North ought to be to induce it to do

more. The greater the evil, the more willingly should we apply the remedy.

A letter upon this subject from Mr. Levi North, of Kewanee, Ill., contains not only the fallacy above noted, but another which deserves also to be considered. After stating his approval of the articles which have hitherto appeared in *THE CONTINENT*, he adds:

"But I am not certain that your good intentions can ever be carried out without the aid of complicated machinery provided by Congress. I am not satisfied that in the Southern States, where public schools have always met with but limited favor, and often with blatant opposition, that the best plan ever yet devised would meet with general favor. Before the rebellion, even in Kentucky, public school moneys were plundered and stolen, and no effort made to apply them to their legitimate use. I cannot think that things are much better now. No matter how wise the law may be, it is a mere farce, if not willingly and heartily supported by the people. Is there any assurance that the controlling portion of the South wants a common-school system? Is there any certainty that the ignorant negroes, for whose benefit you assuredly desire a part of the expense to be incurred, will be permitted to enjoy its benefits?"

We are very glad to answer the questions our correspondent propounds, but wish first to call his attention to the fact that under the plan proposed in *THE CONTINENT*, no "controlling class" or influence at the South, or elsewhere, can misapply or touch a single dollar of the fund appropriated. Let us repeat its elements again:

First.—The fund is to be distributed on the basis of illiteracy.

Second.—The illiteracy, not of the state, but of the various school districts of each state, is to be the basis of distribution.

Third.—That proportion of the fund which the illiterates of each race would entitle any district to receive is to be kept separate and apart from the portion to which it would be entitled from the illiteracy of the other race, and that portion which the colored illiteracy entitles it to receive, must be applied solely to schools to which colored pupils are freely admitted.

Fourth.—It is to be applied only to the payment of teachers.

Fifth.—It is to be given only to schools that have been in actual operation for a certain specified time during the year for which the appropriation is made with a certain percentage of attendance and under competent teachers.

Sixth.—The sum allowed to each district shall in no case exceed one-half the teacher's wages in that district.

If our friend will read this plan, he will see that it is a matter of very little consequence whether "the controlling class" desire or do not desire public schools, so far as the application or misapplication of the fund is concerned. The plan we have propounded takes the matter out of politics; out of the range of local sentiment; out of any possible incompetent or hostile hands, and yet requires no "complicated machinery." One man and

a half dozen clerks, in the city of Washington, are all that are necessary to run the whole business without a possibility of failure, and with the utmost harmony between the department and all classes of people at the South. The plan is so simple that it needs some study, perhaps, to appreciate its effectiveness. Without any sort of infringement of the most extravagant claim of the "state rights" theorists; without in any manner interfering with state educational systems or institutions; without permitting any possible misapplication of the fund, it reaches out into every school district of the South, and says to the people of that district, to the people of the state, to the rich and the poor, the high and the low: "If you will establish and maintain a school in this district for white people, and another for colored people, each open to all of the race for which it is designed, without cost or burden to the scholar; if you will keep such school in operation for a certain number of months during this year, under the charge of a competent teacher, the government of the United States will pay that teacher so much money after the work is done." All the "machinery" that is needed to put this in operation is a man of sound, practical, business sense, who will ascertain from the census, or from other sources that may be open to him without expense, the amount to which any specific school district would be entitled under the appropriation and the just proportion of that which should go to the schools of each race. It needs only a man who will receive and consider the evidence that may be submitted under forms that he may devise, of the capabilities of the teacher, of the continuance of the school, and of its average attendance, and who, when these things have been determined, shall have authority to sign a draft upon the Treasury for the payment of the sums thus ascertained, directly to the teachers themselves.

So much for our correspondent's fear of a misapplication of the fund. Now for his questions:

Yes, there is abundant evidence that the controlling classes of the South, at least a good proportion of them, and those among the very best, are in favor of public schools, and are in favor of the various states and municipalities doing their utmost to sustain such schools. We do not mean to say that these well-wishers of general education are in a majority. We do not mean to say that the masses of the Southern white people favor the education of the negro. The bulk of them, perhaps, may be said to regard the schools for the colored people, even in their kindest moments, as rather an amusement for the race than a thing of practical value or importance. A very considerable proportion of them—perhaps a majority of the whole—are even opposed to the education of the negro at all, though they may favor a pretense of action in that direction. It is for this reason that we do not choose to reply to our correspondent's question by a citation of the appropriations and returns of different states. We have seen too much of the public schools of the South, to be misled by such figures. In some states they are under the control of sincere, devoted men, who desire that the very best and highest results may accrue to the people from the appropriations thus made. In other states they are in the hands of men who care very little, indeed, what is done with the funds thus appropriated, so long as a sort of show is made which may be used to stop the mouths of Northern cavillers. But, all through every state of the South, is to be found a noble body of men and women,

of the highest character and of the best culture—and the number is daily increasing—who perceive clearly, not only that general intelligence is the sole hope of the future, but that the dictates of an enlightened humanity and of a sincere Christian spirit, aye, even of sound policy, demand instant and earnest action in this direction. These are facts that cannot be learned from statistics. The census-taker makes no note of such men and women. We learn of their existence by words and deeds. We know they are at work; we know that they are increasing in number; we know that they are actually and practically coloring the sentiment and policy of the controlling classes of the South, because of the increased interest that is manifested in public schools, and because of the growing demand that the teaching in them shall be effective; because there is every indication of dissatisfaction with that which is accomplished, and a universal demand coming from all parts that more be done. The sentiment of the people of the South in regard to public schools is not, of course, that which is found in the North. They have not been "raised on them," so to speak. The first impulse of the Southern community is not to put up a school-house, and, even if one be erected, it is usually a matter of private enterprise, or else of a character which a Northern community would be ashamed of. There is no doubt that the school buildings of Denver alone are of more value than all the public school buildings in the state of North Carolina. It is only within a few years that the city of Raleigh had any public school buildings at all, and, perhaps, of those which it now possesses the greater part are inherited more or less directly from the Freedmen's Bureau. It cannot be expected that communities that have existed for so many years without any of that stimulus to personal or collective activity in this direction, which has built up the public school systems of the North, should all at once rise to the necessity of putting such into operation, and maintaining them at the highest efficiency. What has been done is altogether marvelous. Nothing that has occurred during the past quarter of a century of miracles is more worthy of the wondering exclamation: "What hath God wrought?" than the advance which has been made, the steps which have been taken, and the results which have been achieved in the matter of public education at the South. If it were all that could be desired, no assistance would be required of the nation. If the school systems of the Southern states were as complete and effective as those of the North, it would be the merest folly to think of appropriating a cent from the national treasury for their support. It is because they are defective, it is because these communities are impoverished, it is because the people are inert, that it is incumbent upon us, upon the people of the North, upon the national government, to stir them to renewed activity—to give them help, and to up-stay their hands in well-doing. To do for them what they have not done, or cannot, at present, do for themselves, is not only our bounden duty, but a present necessity, if we would avoid future danger.

The questions which our correspondent asks may best be answered perhaps by some extracts from our letter file. During the last few months we have received hundreds of letters from active, earnest-hearted men and women of the South, not only approving our suggestions upon this subject, but manifesting the utmost anxiety that the work should be done in the most efficient manner possible. Some of these are very significant in their character. One of them, from

Louisiana, describes a public school where the attendance dwindled down to seven out of more than a hundred colored persons that are of school age in the district. This school, the writer declares, to be a type of very many others in that region, and adds significantly, that "even these seven might almost as well have staid at home," because the teacher was not only incompetent but unworthy. A letter from Alabama gives a picture of a colored school taught by a white man scarcely able to spell words of two syllables, whose sole qualification almost was that he had been a Confederate soldier. There is no doubt a great deal of truth in these statements. It is a very prevalent idea in that region that anybody is quite good enough to teach a "nigger" school who is not altogether too good. This is very largely because the colored school is regarded by the dominant power in these states more in the light of a circus than as a practical institution. It is a thing to put up to show. It is designed primarily to justify and disguise the actual feeling of a large proportion of the people. It is because of this we introduced into the proposed plan, the provision requiring the United States official having the matter in charge at Washington, to be fully satisfied that the teachers in the schools receiving any portion of the national fund shall be competent. We do not mean by this that they shall be able to pass an examination in the higher mathematics; that the Government of the United States shall establish any system or method of examination for teachers, but that the head of the bureau shall be satisfied that the teachers are of good character, and have sufficient intelligence to discharge the duties of their position, and have performed them faithfully. The provision is introduced also for the purpose of stimulating the various communities to a closer scrutiny of the teachers' capacity, and awakening a demand for a higher grade of teachers for all of their primary schools. It is not designed by this to promote the employment of Northern men or women as teachers at the South. In fact, we are not inclined to regard such a thing as desirable, except in cases where the local sentiment emphatically and imperatively demands a better pedagogic skill than can be always found of native growth in these communities. The elevation of the standard of requirement in the teacher will add to the local supply.

Another correspondent, this time from Mississippi, writes to the editor:

"I read your books, two of them at least, and while I admired their skill and was compelled to admit their fairness, I could but writhe under the lash that was so ruthlessly applied. In fact I hated you as only a thorough-going Southern man can hate those who tread upon his particular corns. Yet I kept on reading what you wrote, and have taken *THE CONTINENT* almost from the first. It seems to me that your recent articles on national education are really the key note of your previous works. At least, after reading them, I went back and read "A Fool's Errand," and "Bricks without Straw" a second time and am surprised at my former blindness. I can only say "True, oh king!" You are right, just right, right all the way through. I want you to keep stirring up the people of the North and of the South, too, until this thing is done and done in the way you suggest. For God's sake, do not let the money get into the hands of the state legislators and parties. I am a Democrat, straight out, pure and simple. I have not made any opposition to the "Mississippi plan" thus far, because I could not well see any other practicable way out of our difficulties. I think the white people have got to rule this

country, at least, until the colored people are able to do their share in the government intelligently. When that time will come I do not know, but I am willing to give them a fair chance. I think the most of our people are, when we come down to bottom facts, but I see no way in which the thing can be done effectively and certainly but by the plan which you have indicated. That will not only cure illiteracy, but it will set us thinking of the matter down here, and lead us to help ourselves more than we have done."

The same correspondent whom we have quoted, from Illinois, calls attention to another matter and asks an expression of opinion in regard to it. He writes:

"You doubtless remember a convention of eminent educators held last August at Louisville, Ky., and that in this body a suspicious display of Southern ideas was manifested. You remember that Southern members were in favor of having government aid for common schools, and without a dissenting voice agreed that it ought to be given 'without restriction.' Only one Northern member had the temerity to speak against this sinister 'without restriction' qualification. My nose went up on reading this, as it used to in *ante bellum* days, when all but the old staunch Liberty Party and anti-slavery men used to get down abjectly on their knees and do reverence to every bully from the South. I despise sneaks. A resolution favoring the proposed aid 'without restriction' was passed, as I remember, with every Southern member voting for it, and only a part of those from the North voting against it. There is a deep meaning in the way this straw leans. Had it been proposed to distribute this money mainly at the North, the matter of restriction might, perhaps, have been waived, because of the different public sentiment here, but even in that case it would not be wise to do so. But at the South the sentiment is by no means general in favor of public schools for the whites, and is very certainly hostile to liberal appropriations for colored schools."

We were by no means unmindful of the meeting and transactions of the body referred to by our correspondent. This and the language of certain Southern members of Congress, during the present session, are most significant facts. When, more than a dozen years ago, the writer first began to urge national education as a necessary supplement to universal suffrage, there were very few even at the North who deigned to regard his utterances with respect, and nobody at all at the South, who did not refer to them with the utmost rancor. Such an idea was regarded as subversive of the most sacred rights, both of states and individuals. We remember very distinctly the big broadsides of blistering billingsgate that was poured forth by the Southern press in response to a letter, addressed to General Grant in January, 1871, urging national education as a logical sequence of emancipation and the only possible cure for the follies and dangers of reconstruction. At that time there was not a single paper, nor another man of any prominence, south of the Potomac or Ohio, that dared to open his mouth in favor of national action in aid of education in the states of the South. The fact that not only professional educators, but leading politicians and men who are on the lookout for some popular idea which they may bestride in order that it may carry them into place and power; the fact that members of Congress, whose chief anxiety is to secure their own reelection, have not only ceased to oppose but have become clamorous advocates of national aid to education, in some form or other, is a gratifying proof of two things—First, that the public sentiment of the South is not

only setting very strongly in that direction, but that it is overthrowing those old barriers which a few years ago were regarded as insurmountable. The Southern mind is awakening to the necessity of general intelligence. It is clamoring for the school and the schoolmaster. It is coming to recognize the fact that good and safe republican institutions can only be founded upon a basis of general intelligence. And because of the strength of this conviction, and the general thirst for information, it is demanding that the Chinese wall that has been built up by "state rights" theorists between the state and the nation shall be torn down, long enough, at least, to permit the nation to do what the states have failed to accomplish. It also indicates another thing—that the Southern political leaders, always keener and subtler than the same class at the North, have already perceived the tendency of public sentiment and know that the brain and conscience of the land are beginning imperiously to demand that this evil, which is the fruit of slavery, shall meet the fate that befell slavery, and for the same reason—simply because it is an enemy to the public weal. They perceive the indications both at the North and the South—indications to which Northern tricksters, political hucksters of both parties are yet blind—that national action in favor of education is not only a certainty, but a swift-coming certainty. For this reason they are anxious to take it under their peculiar charge. They know that the question to be decided now is not whether the nation shall do something, but how much it shall do, and how it shall be done. This they wish to control. It is naturally their desire that the fund to be appropriated shall be placed not only under the control of the states, but under the control of the factions whom they represent. They foresee that immeasurable advantage may accrue to them politically from the distribution of such a fund among the various states, if it can only be placed where it will do the most good—not to the intended beneficiaries, but to the dominant political organizations of these states. The meeting which is referred to by our correspondent was a strangely-constituted gathering of earnest, simple-minded men and keen-witted demagogues. These sought for good, those for advantage. Because the demagogues clamored for what the good men desired, their purposes were quite unsuspected. No better evidence could be given of the extent of this movement than the fact that these barnacles are already attaching themselves to it. Our correspondent is right in suspecting the methods and motives of some of them. He is, perhaps, also right in blaming others for not having detected and resisted them; but he must remember that there are not many who have looked at this question from all sides, who have studied its bearings and its possibilities, and are not only alive to, but jealous of, every influence that would divert it from its normal results. It is a good thing, a very good thing, that without any effort upon the part of its real friends, without action or organization upon the part of its original promoters, national aid to education has already received the sanction of such a body, which has prepared and submitted to Congress its own pet scheme for the distribution of such a fund.

There were very many sincere and earnest men in that convention. There were very many men whose

best thought and best purpose was given to the promotion of its declared purpose. These men were not as a rule politicians. They were not accustomed to scrutinizing the results of proposed measures. They were not watchful of malign influences. Those who were present from the North considered it enough that the representatives of Southern thought were willing to accept in any manner the nation's bounty. They thought a great point gained when it was conceded that money from the national treasury might be poured into the treasuries of the various states to be used for school purposes, with or without any provision in regard to its application. It had not occurred to them that a plan might be devised by which the conduit pipe through which this should flow might lead not from the national treasury to the state legislature, but directly from the treasury to the schoolhouse. These men were not outnumbered nor outvoted by those whose purposes were less pure and noble. They were simply outwitted. There was no harm done, as our correspondent seems to imagine, and none is likely to be done by their action. Its only result is to estop them and all who are like-minded with them from opposition to the rational plan which accomplishes what they profess to desire, without any of the danger of extravagance and misappropriation which attended the one they submitted. The question is not now whether the government *will* act in this matter or not, but it has come to be an inquiry as to *how* it will act. Upon this question let the people speak. The petition which we have circulated from Maine to California is the quickest, easiest, and most effective method of giving utterance to individual and collective opinion upon this matter. Let not our readers delay its circulation and signature. Let the petitions be presented to all in your various neighborhoods. Lay the matter before every teacher, every minister, every lawyer, every man that is interested in the country or in his fellow-citizens, and ask him to act with you in this matter.

The *Schoolmaster*, of Chicago, in speaking editorially on the subject of national education, says: "Whatever may be the phrasing of the appropriation bill, it is well understood that the main design is to protect the nation from the ill consequences threatened by the widespread illiteracy at the South by knowledge. Of the existing conditions under which the system will have to be operated at the South we know of no man more competent to advise upon the matter than Judge Tourgée. In a recent article in *THE CONTINENT* he presents, with some fullness, a plan which he states to be the result of many years of earnest inquiry and careful deliberation. So far as careful reading enables us to judge, we are free to say that the scheme seems to us eminently sensible and practical. At all events it deserves the careful consideration of every person at all interested in the question, and it will not be surprising if the various schemes, now so flippantly proposed, shall be finally supplemented to this simple form." The editor then gives, almost entire, the plan recently elaborated in *THE CONTINENT*. We tender our thanks for his commendation, and hope the educators, who read the *Schoolmaster*, will give the matter careful consideration.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

I LIVED AND DIED.

A ROSE tree in a garden bloomed ;
 Above, a star shone bright ;
 The sea's soft murmur rose and fell,
 Throughout the summer night.
 I cried out to the restless waves,
 The starry sky above ;
 " I breathe, I move, but do not live,
 Because I know not love !"
 Love came, and brought a joy that throbbed
 Through every vein like wine,
 And I was glad and proud to know
 Such glory could be mine !

The sweet delight of kisses warm
 On lips and forehead pressed ;
 The tender touch of hands that soothed
 My waking fears to rest.

Love went, and left a broken heart
 And eyes grown dim with tears,
 A shattered hope, a darkened life,
 To drag through weary years.
 The rose lay in the garden dead ;
 A black cloud hid the sky ;
 I cried out to the moaning sea
 " I know love—and would die !"

JANET E. STRONG.

A RURAL MAIDEN.

In a cottage many-angled,
 By a meadow-daisy tangled,
 Dwells a maiden.
 Like a bee, a dainty rover
 'Mid the summer-scented clover,
 Trilling joyous sonnets over,
 Songs of Aïdenn.

The charmed air that floats above her,
 Bird and blossom—all things love her,
 As she strays.
 Innocence in every feature,
 Gathering sweets and growing sweeter,
 As the amorous sunbeams greet her
 With delays.

From the flowers she beauty captures,
 From the birds her song of raptures,
 Sweets from all.
 Not an angel, yet angelic ;
 E'er to love her heart is telic ;
 Eden's brightest, purest relic
 From the fall.

Rural maiden, may life's beaming
 Be to thee a radiant dreaming,
 Till the even
 O'er thy way a glow is sending,
 Growing brighter till the ending
 Melts, with a celestial blending,
 Into Heaven !

SIDNEY DYER.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOWGATE had never experienced as many sensations in a given space of time, and the material for discussion had assumed such proportions as to rather hinder than help the evening talkers around the store stove. So many side-lights were thrown that attention was distracted and no one could determine precisely on what point to concentrate attention. The arrival of Mr. Evarts was another bomb-shell, for it had been generally understood that he had gone to California to live. Hopkins brought the news of his coming, and by morning it had spread through the village, each member of the gossiping circle having told not only his wife, but every one he met, that one of the city fellows was back again, and that the other was probably on the way—the first to marry Miss Dunbar before the day ended, and the second to take Dorothy directly thereafter. Unconscious of the plans made for them, Mr. Evarts and Dorothy went over soon after breakfast to the old house, and though the amazed Sybil gave one reproachful look into her face, the happiness she saw there disarmed her, and she met Mr. Evarts with a simple friendliness very

different from her unconsciously half-defiant attitude a few months earlier. Dorothy followed her presently up to her room, leaving Mr. Evarts to talk over the California trip with Mrs. Waite.

"Take it all for granted," Dorothy said, blushing a little, but meeting Sybil's eyes frankly. "It feels as if it had always had been so. Oh, Sybil," she added, when the story had been told, "I wish—how I wish you could care for John in the same way."

"How can I? Why should I?" said Sybil. "You have known Mr. Evarts almost all your life, Dorothy. You know his habits in thinking and everything else, and are certain as far as knowledge can make you. Yet you expect me, who have none of your penetration, to take a half knowledge of just one month, as foundation enough. Suppose I were foolish enough to let such a fancy sway me—"

Sybil stopped short. Dorothy's eyes had been fixed on her face, and now as the lovely color flooded it, and Sybil suddenly stopped and turned her face away, Dorothy gave a little cry of delight and caught her in a quick embrace.

"Argue and analyze all you like," she said. "You may wait and be stern as you please. But Sybil you really do care! Oh, I am so glad for John!"

"Dorothy!" Sybil said, blushing still, but making no denial. "That part of it I cannot seem to help, but all the rest is in my own hands. I have made up my mind. He will be here the day before Christmas, and then——"

"And then you will tell him there is to be no more uncertainty, and that things may go on as if you were almost an every day girl," Dorothy said, still holding her hands, and looking into her face with a sense that every obstacle was swept away. She ended with a hug, which Sybil returned silently.

"Don't look like that," Dorothy cried. "No one knows what is coming when that abominably inscrutable expression settles down. Where did you get it? Why will you let it get hold of you?"

Sybil smiled, but the look of tender gravity did not leave her face.

"Everything has had to be serious with me all my life," she said, "and I suppose that is the reason I can never take anything just as you would, or anybody who had had less to make them think. Now if you will let me go on, I will tell you what I began to say. I have made up my mind to tell—John—what he has a right to know; but apart from that I can't see that it is even best to be engaged. I would rather leave him free, for he may change. I am determined to know my work thoroughly, so that if there is special need, I may be fully equal to make my own living and that of anybody who may depend upon me. Father may grow worse and need constant care, and I want money if I can make it for him and for other things too. There is just enough now to prevent any anxiety, but not enough for all I want to do. John will wait if he cares; just as he thinks he does, and if he does not, why, then, surely it will be well to have waited."

"You are a flinty-hearted sinner," Dorothy began—then checked herself. Ten minutes of John's argument would be more convincing than ten years of her own, and she satisfied herself with giving Sybil a little shake as she said good-bye and ran down. Dr. Cushing met them just as they were passing his house, and after shaking hands with both energetically, took them in to the library.

"The town and the people in and out of it are all beside themselves together," he said. "Here is a wedding invitation that came to me this morning. The bride was cook at the Pettises for three or four years; the groom a butcher in St. Alban's; both of them good, respectable, hard-working people. The bride's sister, Matilda Benson, lives in one of those pink houses, with blue blinds, in the lower village, and her husband has been in the lowest depths of drunkenness, but has reformed. They give the wedding. See here."

Dr. Cushing handed Dorothy a pink envelope from which she extracted a pink correspondence card and two white ones, tied together with a white ribbon, bearing the names of bride and groom, respectively, while on the pink one was printed:

"MR. AND MRS. BENSON
Requests their Friends at their Residence,
December 20th, 1880,
AT 8 O'CLOCK."

"A model," Mr. Evarts said, mischievously, as he glanced at them. "We will borrow them presently, Dorothy."

"That is only the beginning," Molly said. "The

thunder-clap is to come. The widow Hinchman is going to marry old Hiram Bates, who lives on the Georgia road all alone, and is to take him home to her house. Father has been laboring with her, but it does no good. He proposed to her ten years ago when his wife died, but she scorned him then. Abel's getting married has been the turning point."

"Abel!" Dorothy cried.

"Didn't I tell you everybody was insane together?" Molly went on. "Yes, she showed father the letter last evening. A girl in an emigrant train; a pretty Swede, with eyes like Sybil's, and two long braids of fair hair hanging down her back. Her father was sick and died on the way, and Abel helped them. She was frantic with grief and clung to him like a child, and the end of it all is, that he went before a justice with her and was married as soon as the funeral was over. Then he had a tin-type of his wife taken and wrote to his mother that as she had always stood in his way in the thing he wanted to do, he had taken matters into his own hands, and hoped she was pleased with her own work. Hiram Bates had come up to see about a cow, and went in as she was reading the letter. She first had hysterics, which he stood and eyed composedly, and when she came out of them, advised her to settle matters by taking him. They are to be married the day before Christmas and the widow is making the wedding-cake. Abel seems to have been divided between a certain pride in telling the whole story and an equal desire to make his mother as unhappy as possible. But I think Sybil need have no further remorse over her first conquest. I don't much believe she will ever care for anybody."

Dorothy smiled. The answer was nearer than Molly thought, and would soon make itself plain, and in the meantime no words were necessary.

"It is a marriage epidemic," she said, when they had once more gone out into the crisp air, and turned toward the lower village, the only point where paths were sufficiently broken to make walking comfortable. "A 'wave' from some quarter where marriages are made though, in the Hinchman case, it does not seem as if it could be heaven."

"Sybil's will make another, always supposing that she consents," Mr. Evarts answered.

"Then you know! Oh, how glad I am!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Did John tell you? Of course, he did though. I do not know why it is, I never mind keeping a secret usually, but this has held only difficulties from the beginning. I have disgraced myself twenty times by almost telling, and I longed to have Auntie know, and work for it, too."

"Those things work for themselves. They need small help from us," Mr. Evarts said. "I think he will win, but I also think it is quite as well for both to wait. Sybil must find out herself thoroughly, and it will be all the better for John if it is a slow process. I hope that she will take him, for it will make double the man of him, but it is best that it should not be too easy a rendering up. He is a little over-confident by nature; not now, for love has made him very humble, but the state is a wholesome one, and a little waiting will perpetuate it. The truest love is the fullest of a sense of unworthiness—as mine was and is," he added, softly.

Dorothy had flushed painfully at the phrase, "too easy a rendering up," for at moments she still wondered at her sudden surrender, but the final words held full reassurance, and as they talked on she longed more and more that Sybil's happiness might begin also.

Every other thought fled, however, when she found at last that Mr. Evarts was urging a marriage as speedily as possible. "Very soon" he had said at first, and at last the "very soon" had defined itself as in January.

"The twentieth is my birthday," he said. "Why should it not be then? There is nothing to wait for, Dorothy. House and everything are ready."

"Do you mean that you will stay here?" Dorothy said, incredulous. "In this shut-in, little place?"

"Why not? I can do my work as well here as elsewhere, and now I shall finish the book, and in the spring we can all go abroad together. You say there are so many things you want still to do here, and if we settle down we can do them together. Does that make it seem any more practicable?"

"I don't know," Dorothy answered, with a gasp. "I had not dreamed it ought to be for a year or two, or three, perhaps. Why I haven't anything ready. To be sure I shan't need very much, but I'm not sure about other things. Don't say any more, but let me talk it over with Auntie."

"You see I am not taking you away from her," Mr. Evarts said, with a smile at Dorothy's disturbed face. "There is plenty of time, however, to talk it all over, but I want the casting vote. And now we must plan a little for Christmas. We will do that before the fire, too."

To Dorothy's amazement Miss Dunbar's view of things proved to be identical with that of Mr. Evarts, and when he had retreated triumphant, leaving the two to talk of certain minor details, Dorothy, who had sat for some time in profound silence, said:

"I begin to understand how a day may be as a thousand years, though I have not come to a thousand years as a day. It is at least a hundred since the week began. Auntie, I don't believe you think how much there is to do."

"There is very little, unless your heart is set on a grand wedding."

"Never a grand one, but a pretty one. I want Sybil—nobody else—to stand with me, and you to give me away, for, of course, up here, we must use Mr. Hartwick and his little church. Its baldness will all be hidden under Christmas greens, and we must have flowers. And I want Sybil to have a pretty dress—white of some sort. That is the only very essential point—something white, and soft, and lovely. But we have been spending so much, there need be little else. I always did dislike these vulgar mammoth *trousseaux*. It would be folly anywhere, and double folly here. There is strangeness enough, without having a pile of strange gowns, too. Horace won't be ashamed of me."

"Hardly," Miss Dunbar answered, with a smile, as she looked into the girl's shining eyes. "We can go to New York for a week if you like, or simply send your measure. You know that Madame Loyson understands exactly what we like."

"And Sybil?" Dorothy said, doubtfully.

"My dresses fit her almost exactly. I think we can arrange all that."

"Then stay here," Dorothy said, with a sigh of relief. "I don't know precisely why I want so much to be just here and nowhere else, but it is so, and I shall be thankful not to stir."

"Then I will write to Madame Loyson," Miss Dunbar said, "and tell her to have everything ready by the middle of January at the latest," and she turned away to her desk, where a pile of unanswered letters waited her.

The decision was not allowed to stand, so far as one

phase of it was concerned, for the next morning brought letters which called Mr. Evarts to New York, and he urged so strongly that both should go with him, that Miss Dunbar finally yielded, knowing that Christmas purchases could be better made in person than by proxy. Dorothy, however, was firm in her resolution to remain at home.

"I can always go there," she said, "and I want to stay just here and get used to things. I don't feel myself yet, and I want to find out who and where I really am. There is a pile of Christmas work to do, too, and I shall give all my spare time to my neighbors. It is too magnificent for me, too, at the Pierreponts. I can't breathe naturally there, while you like it. No, I belong right here, for the present."

Once more Lowgate surrendered itself to conjecture, as, a day or two later, Mr. Evarts and Miss Dunbar took the evening express from Montreal. The news of Dorothy's engagement had spread throughout the township, and the rumor followed that it had been proved a mistake, and that the older and certainly more suitably mated pair, had gone to New York, some said to be married, others to bring back John Raymond for Dorothy. To add to the surprising complications of things, Luther Tucker, who had gone to Boston for Christmas goods, and who had long been considered as beyond any chance or possibility of matrimony, returned with a bride, clad in the last extreme of fashion, and prepared to enjoy to the full the consternation of the many who had probably sighed to fill the place she had made her own during a month at the Lowgate Springs.

With this superabundance of matter for discussion, the days slid on. Miss Dunbar returned, but Mr. Evarts was still delayed, the daily letter to Dorothy giving every detail of the complications in some business matters, from which there was no escape until the day before Christmas, when John would come up with him. Miss Dunbar busied herself in making some slight alterations, which enabled Dorothy to have a sitting-room opening from her bedroom, the cutting of a door being all that was necessary, while a small room near it was made ready for the special working ground of Mr. Evarts, who preferred as little about him as possible when engaged in either study or writing, and wanted only a chair and a big table, with room for the necessary books, and nothing else.

So the days slid on, and at last the morning of the day before Christmas came. Snow was falling steadily as they looked from the windows, but not enough to prevent the carrying out of the programme for the day, which involved a sleigh ride, and the leaving of a bundle at the house of every "What-To-Do" member, all marked "To be opened Christmas morning."

The storm increased as they went. By noon a fierce wind came from the Canada plains—such a wind as had seldom been felt by even that "oldest inhabitant," who has always felt a little worse than the worst that can happen to any younger one. It howled down the village street, whirling the snow into deep drifts; snapping off weak limbs from the great elms; dropping loose bricks down the chimneys, and conducting itself generally in a fashion that made walking, or anything but indoors, out of the question.

The evening train was due at seven, and George had prepared one of his most seductive suppers for the two gentlemen, and hovered now about the doors, trying to think he heard the hoarse whistle of the locomotive above the rush and roar of the blinding storm. Eight o'clock came; nine, and at last ten, and George strug-

gled over to the post-office, sheathed in a long cloak, that had belonged to some venerable Mooney, and with a red tippet tied firmly around his head. The "wires were down," was the postmaster's report, and the train was, probably, stuck in a snow-bank somewhere, with no chance of getting out before daylight.

It was not a cheerful Christmas eve, and when daylight came, and brought no news of the delayed train, tears came into Dorothy's eyes, as she looked out on the buried village, and wondered if any one could ever make a way through these masses of snow. By noon a rumor had spread there had been a collision down at the junction, and three or four were killed. Later, a man came in from Georgia, who affirmed that the train had gone through a bridge, and that half the passengers had been killed at once, and the other half fatally injured.

George came back from the office, to which he had made hourly excursions, sick with fright, his paleness so alarming Linda, that she went into violent hysterics, and brought out both Miss Dunbar and Dorothy, who had been ostensibly reading, but really listening for his return. Dorothy staggered, as George told his news, and turned so deadly a paleness that Miss Dunbar uttered a cry. Then she collected herself.

"We don't *know* anything about it, really," she said. "Can't we go down? Isn't there some way of getting there?"

"I'd tote ye on my own back, if any soul alive could worry through," said George, the tears running down his face. "But its a-goin' on yet, de same way. Can't nobody do nothin' but stan' an' jest take it. But I'll see if Harding, may be, won't len' us a horse, an' I'll ride down de road."

"No," Miss Dunbar said, "You have never been in such a storm, and would be killed. But if Harding, or any one, will go, tell them I will pay anything. If the lines are not down at the next station below here, he may be able to telegraph. Try and get some one."

Dorothy went back to the parlor, and took up her work mechanically. Her face was set and pale, but she tried to smile as she saw Miss Dunbar sit down by her.

"I hope Sybil does not know," she said. "I don't know how she could bear it."

"Sybil," Miss Dunbar said, surprised. "Of course she would be anxious, but—"

Before the words ended the door opened, and Sybil came in silently. Miss Dunbar sprang up as she saw her face.

"Dear child," she cried, "Why, is it possible you feel it so! We know nothing, really, yet. They may be here this very afternoon."

Sybil shook her head.

"There is more news," she said. "It has just come in. A good many are killed—all in the parlor cars, they say—and that is where they would be. I could not stay at home. I don't know how to bear it, when I think that I never once told him I really did care."

She sank down by Dorothy, and hid her face.

"You did not know," Dorothy said, meeting Miss Dunbar's amazed look. "John had asked her to marry him—oh, long ago—in the Fall—and she was to answer him to-day. That is what he was really coming for. And now—"

The three sat silent, till presently Sybil rose.

"I must go back to father," she said. "He will

want me, but I shall come over, and if George brings any news, you will let him come and tell me," and without waiting for reply she passed out.

How the long hours went by none of them could tell. The gray noon passed into grayer twilight. Linda prepared lunch, and Miss Dunbar compelled Dorothy to take a little food and ate herself, with a sense that strength for heavier sorrow might be needed. And Sybil, who had made a mighty effort to give no sign of what she felt, sat by her father, who looked at intervals anxiously into her face as if he felt the trouble she would not speak.

The wind died away at last; the clouds parted, and the moon rode high above them. Sybil stole out once more and crossed the little path George had made at noon. She heard the bells of a sleigh, the first that had moved all day, and turned with a hope that some word might have been brought by it. It drew nearer—stopped before the gate; two figures sprang out, and hurried up the walk, and as the door was flung open, and Miss Dunbar and Dorothy looked from the threshold. Horace Evarts, with one arm in a sling, and John Raymond, sound and unhurt, were before them.

"Sybil!" John cried, as in the moonlight he saw her face, pale, eager and full of joy, which could have but one meaning, and as he stretched out his arms she went straight into them, and so the Christmas day brought its answer.

The accident was serious, but far less so than rumor had made it. The parlor car had gone down an embankment. One man had been killed and one or two others badly hurt. Mr. Evarts' arm had been dislocated, and John had received a blow which made him insensible and which had left its mark in a dark bruise on the forehead. It had been impossible to secure a doctor till the more severely hurt had been attended to, and the storm had raged so fiercely that no one would consent to face it till late in the afternoon, when they had succeeded in getting a sleigh and broken their way, almost inch by inch, through the piling drifts.

There is a small need of more words, save for the few who are never satisfied. That John waited, every reasonable reader knows, and equally, that he came up to the wedding and became ten times more deeply in love as he looked upon Sybil in the white dress, on which Madame Loysan had expended skill only second in order to that devoted to Dorothy's. Beginning had come for both of them, and it came, too, in other fashion, when winter was passing into spring, to the master of the old house, who closed his eyes quietly one day as he sat among his books, and opened them in that country where doubt and pain and bewilderment are never more than a memory. Youth came back to the quiet face, and peace and promise both, were in the smile that rested there, when the coffin lid shut him in, and even Sybil through her tears knew that here was the only happiness the troubled life could have ever known in full.

A year later, when study had shown her just what her talent was worth, John claimed his own, and with this fact ends any present chronicle of fortunes that are still as full of untold possibilities as on the summer day on which Miss Dunbar looked for the first time on the face of the girl, who, full of promise as her life was, had no other place in village recognition than that of "Old Waites' Sybil." There are other Sybils, equally unknown. May happy fortune give them as happy an ending of all questions and uncertainty.

MIGMA.

WE are glad to see that our Southern friends of all shades of politics and belief are taking an interest in the question of national education. There is nothing like a square, straight-out expression of sentiment to heal differences and produce good results. We do not expect everybody to agree with us, and really would not think that we were right if they did. We have a large collection of letters upon the subject from all parts of the country, and more are coming every day. The views of our correspondents are given like our own, without fear or favor, and we are glad to give place to them as far as our space will permit.

A couple of letters, from ardent Southern men of the most intense and positive convictions, lie upon our table side by side. Both are from men of prominence and culture, and of no inconsiderable literary attainments. Politically, they are co-workers in the Democratic party. We give them because they are types of more or less numerous classes, and because the contrast between their views is significant of the political consideration which all classes of the South are at this time giving to this most important of all questions. The first is from a reader of *THE CONTINENT* in Maryland. We are very sorry that he regarded our remarks upon some of our correspondents as too severe. They were not so intended. By the term "semi-barbarism" we simply referred to the unavoidable influences of the state of slavery upon the very best minds. We meant that barbaric element, more or less of which is found in all human nature, but which slavery, its laws and necessities, rendered absolutely essential to its preservation. The fact that it regarded one class of humanity as possessed of a lower grade of natural rights, or more properly, perhaps, as not possessing certain natural rights, which inhere in other classes, made it unavoidable that it should be regarded as barbaric in the light of the humanitarianism of to-day. We desire to be perfectly frank, candid, and respectful to those who agree with us. That we feel very deeply upon this subject we candidly admit. Our views, however, are not formed from any study of this question at long range. From 1865 to 1880 we lived at the South in the very vortex of that bitterness which produced such sad results, and studied the question as one of the worst results of which were daily under our eyes. And from that study became sincerely convinced of its paramount importance to the whole land. Because of this careful study of the question, we believe that the time is not far distant when every Christian man and woman of the South will thank us for the stand we are taking upon it to-day:

"JUDGE TOURGÉE:—Like your 'stalwart Tennessean' of March 12th, I, too, have been reading your articles on National Education. I like your magazine, but, like the 'Tennessean' of the straightest sect of Bourbons, I do not like all this talk about educating and elevating the negro. If you lived in this little country town of Blankville and could see some of the elevated and educated specimens, I think your opinions might undergo a slight change. I can easily see how you, living as you do away from the classes of negroes which overrun the South, imagine and honestly believe education and elevation would be best for them and the whites by whom they are surrounded. But, truly, I believe as the 'rampant Tennessean' says, if it continues, this effort to educate negro

children as white children are educated, the black man must crowd out the white. Some believer in the survival of the fittest might say 'be it so; if the white man isn't capable of holding his own, let him be crowded out.' Ah, yes! I sigh in answer. But you Northern people don't quite realize what we Southern people undergo in this stage of the operation, anyhow. The small amount of brains in the head of the average negro is just sufficient to enable him to learn to read and believe everything he reads in his favor. And the articles you write, rather the criticisms, make a most disagreeable impression upon us at the South. They leave a bitter taste which no amount of pleasant reading in the other columns of your magazine can render sweet. It is, of course, preposterous to ask that you refrain from using your pen to advocate a cause you have most at heart, but at least an appreciative reader may beg that you criticize not quite so severely the letters written in all honesty upon a subject just as near to the heart of a Southerner. From personal observation I perceive that the more education the negro gets, the more impudent he becomes and the harder to deal with. I don't see anything of the 'semi-barbarism' about the state of the negro, and I deny that he, even with the most determined 'boosting' can be made to climb the tree of knowledge higher than his limited powers will allow him, and that will not be very high. I can also testify by personal observation. I am speaking now of a Southern negro, and not such as you see at the North. There is a vast difference. No words can better express my and other Southerners' thoughts and feelings on this subject than this: We have to live with him; we have to govern him; we have to suffer for his follies and weakness, and we ought to be allowed to manage him in our own way. If you want him up North to educate, take him. We make you a full and free gift of every negro in our vicinity and thank you for taking him. He is a nuisance to us."

The other is a postscript to a letter from a friend in Arkansas, whom we have learned to prize very highly because of the upright and downright "contrariness" which has made our intercourse an enjoyable one on our part, and we hope, a not altogether unpleasant one upon his. We speak the simple truth when we say that no man's comment upon the matter has given us more genuine satisfaction than these words in the cramped, peculiar hand of one we have never seen, but with whom we feel ourselves on very familiar terms:

"There aint much 'Democracy' in your niggerism, but it is the very quintessence of that 'agape,'—that sweetest charity—which is itself the essence of primitive Christianity, and I hope you will not falter in well-doing. All intelligent and right-minded 'Rebs' say that when the United States Government put the responsibility of citizenship on the darkey, they were in duty bound to teach him how to discharge the duty of the citizen."

It would be well for some of our wonderfully liberal-minded and tender-hearted Northern people, who were so clamorous for the enfranchisement of the freedman, and who are now so much inclined to find fault with him for failing to perform impossibilities, to consider this brusque and candid opinion of a Southern gentleman, in regard to the duty which they assumed in thus making the colored man a political integer. Doubtless, a great majority, like our friend from Maryland, believe that the colored man can never, under any

circumstances, acquire the necessary training to enable him properly to perform those duties. We of the North, however, have imposed those duties upon him, and it behooves us, in common fairness, to do whatever we may to render him capable of discharging them. Whether he is or is not capable of like development with white men, does not at all affect our duty in regard to him. If he is not, no harm can result from the opportunity being given to him to become all that it is possible for him to be. If he is capable of such development, it is our bounden duty, having imposed upon him these burdens, to enable him to prepare himself as fully as he may for their discharge.

An Ex-Confederate's View of Mr. Lincoln.

THE following letter was written by a Mississippian who was an officer in the Confederate army; and who, though he has not been active in political life since the war, has generally, if not always, voted the Democratic ticket. He undoubtedly represents the views of many of the best men of the South, who would be glad of an opportunity of showing that the rancor they visited on the father, has given way to admiration, by giving a courteous and kindly welcome to the son as a candidate for the place the father held.—ED.

In boldly presenting the name of Robert T. Lincoln as a possible and desirable candidate for the Presidential nomination, the editor of OUR CONTINENT has cast the political horoscope with singular discrimination, and in defining the duty of the Republican Convention has suggested a name that is more void of offense in the South than is that of any other probable candidate.

Up to the present time the Republican party has maintained its unity, through a series of successful campaigns with phenomenal exemption from factions, and has presented an unbroken front to issues of grave import.

But the issues of the hour, being less exigent in their nature, it were well for the leaders of the party to exercise an extraordinary degree of judgment in selecting a man who shall combine within himself the greatest amount of positive and negative advantages. Indeed there never was a time when the entire strength of the party, in unified expression, was more imperatively demanded than the present! When every electoral vote that can be possibly secured was more essential, to enable the party to breach the Democratic wave that is surely coming. The faint-hearted and irresolute are too prone to conclude that any effort to gain power at southern polls is futile.

This is a damaging error, a fatal delusion, unworthy of a great national party, with national aims and national issues at heart, whose banners are emblazoned with the proud record of a quarter of a century of success.

The South is to-day subject to redemption by the abolition of all factions, petty coalitions, or sectional advocates, and would undoubtedly give respectful consideration to the nomination of Robert T. Lincoln—the one name which has power to break a sodality which is destined to grow yet firmer in Democratic combinations against any other Republican standard-bearer.

Without discussion of the merits of other probably more prominent candidates for the nomination, the writer desires simply to declare, from the advantageous position of one thoroughly familiar with the disposition of the South, that Mr. Lincoln's is the only name, so far advanced, that can carry one vote from that section into the Electoral College! Others have records better known—perhaps too well known for their chances of success.

The question might be pertinently asked why Mr. Lincoln's name should carry any weight with it in the South? Simply for these two reasons:

First.—The name of Lincoln—once execrated—has passed through the alembic of time, and come out purified, and more justly esteemed by the very men, and their descendants, in whose veins the bitter hatred and hot fury of rebellion have spent themselves, and reason has resumed her throne; and the gallant men of the South, who have accepted the final issues of the war as final, are scarcely behind their Northern comrades in awarding the palm of martyrdom to principle to Abraham Lincoln.

Second.—This son of a martyr has borne himself with such modest and manly dignity, in the prominent position to which his own virtues exalted him—asking nothing of his countrymen on the score of his name, simply proving himself the inheritor of all that was best and strongest in his great progenitor—that he has won for himself the admiration and esteem of all parties, and all sections. And we strongly advocate his nomination as the Republican Ivanhoe, whose name would put to the blush all ballot-stuffers, secure a fair election, and a resurrection of Southern Republicanism.

Robert T. Lincoln is the only man upon whom the best elements in all sections, and the several wings of the Republican party, can unite, and there is no man whose election would do so much toward riveting the bonds of union which were first welded by his father.

CONFEDERATE.

It is a not infrequent incident in the life of the average editor to receive letters from young persons, men or women, who desire to become journalists, and are evidently under the impression that such a life involves merely easy office-hours, congenial companionships, a moderate amount of copy for the printer, and any amount of free passes to the theaters and entertainments of all sorts. Such persons will do well to read Mr. Sala's description of a day of his life in the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Sala's name is one of not more than a dozen which are known outside of a very limited professional circle connected with the English-printing press and the English-speaking public. Who, for instance, knows the names of the men who do the hard work on any of our great journals? "In the morning," says Mr. Sala, "punctually as the clock strikes eight the busy journalist is found mortifying the flesh with a morsel of toast and a cup of coffee, breakfasting in spectacles, and with a pair of scissors in his hand. Till ten he reads the papers, not for his own delectation, but with a blue pencil in hand, and a strictly professional eye. From that hour until one is given to answering letters, besides which he is cutting out of newspapers suggestive paragraphs, is pasting them on slips of paper, and is adding his own view of how each matter should be treated. At one he has luncheon, 'like a Christian,' if it is not a very hard day; if it is a very hard day, you lunch off a chair by your side, and forget, ten minutes afterward, whether you had any lunch at all. Then comes the tug of war. From two to a quarter to seven you are 'at it,' (or Mr. Sala is) writing leading articles, or stories, or essays. Just when the fashionable world is enjoying itself the truly vigorous journalist pens his immortal, though fugitive, works. At five he unbends over a cup of tea and a slice of plum cake. At seven he dines. Then he is free till eleven P. M., when he comes home, and devotes two solid, silent hours to study. Meanwhile throughout all these hours bores, beggars, mad people, people with grievances, and gentlemen and ladies with manuscripts, *in posse* if not *in esse*, do not cease to assail the journalist, each from his or her own vantage ground of personal interest.



A "Fool's Errand" in Finland.*

THE following review of "A Fool's Errand," in its Finnish dress, is translated from "Valvoja," the leading literary magazine of that far northern land. It is written by Dr. Eliel Asplin, professor of *belles lettres* in the University of Finland. As our readers may have some curiosity to know how the work impresses the people of that remote region we give it entire:

Romanticism is answerable for the disrepute in which the novel-literature of the day is held by the elder and more sober readers of our generation. Novel reading has hitherto been, and in many circles will still be considered, as an idle amusement, almost a kind of intellectual licentiousness. It must be conceded that novelists of the romantic school very often work with no other end in view than merely to divert and amuse the reader—as little attempting to weigh upon the scales of morality the means they have adopted, as endeavoring in any way to regard the demands of art. One, among the chief masters of such romance, was the elder Alexander Dumas, and, as showing that such reading has not lost its charm for the northland public, it may be noted that new editions of Dumas' works have recently been issued in Sweden. For this reason it is we find at our Swedish bookstalls translations of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Comte de Monte Christo," "Le Comte de Bragslonne," and others, lying side by side with the works of the realistic or naturalistic school; and who can tell whether the novel-devouring public holds the former or the latter in higher estimation?

At the same time, it is true that everywhere has literature, whether idealistic or general, tried to shake off the yoke of romance. In several countries there has grown up a new set of writers that like to paint from real life, and, although these considerably differ the one from the other, it is now universally admitted that polite literature ought, above all things, to picture real life, and treat of topics that belong to our own period. By reason of the course now adopted the novel has acquired an importance before undreamed of. Should any one contest this, it is necessary only to point to the works of Turgénieff. Without in the least degree neglecting the artistic side of his work, he has converted his novels into powerful instrumentalities for moulding the social development of his country.

It is evident that this modern novel does not deserve the contempt and prejudice on the part of our sober, elder generation, that the race of mere fiction-writers have engendered against novel-literature; for it has for its end and aim, not idle amusement, but the propagation of new and elevating ideas. That this circumstance will not, however, even from henceforth prevent men from writing and reading bad novels, is true; but what good is there in this world that man does not abuse?

These sentiments impress us with the fact that the literary training of the Finnish reading public has been, and will be, comparatively little influenced by mere story-telling fiction. During the last decade, whilst

classic literature to some extent has been translated into Finnish, there has not appeared in print any translation of those older novels that the Swedish-reading young generation still devour.† We hope that such novels will for ever remain strangers to the mass of Finnish readers. Hastening on, Time has left them behind. We may easily forecast how this will affect the Finnish literature of the future, and Mr. Churberg in making his novel-translations is greatly to be commended for having so well understood how to choose the best works, such as have really deserved a place in our young literature.

"Hullum Yritys," which has appeared in the last annual set of this meritorious novel-library, amply entitles us to repeat this commendation. This American novel belongs also to the new school in that it pictures real life and treats of ideas as from the standpoint of to-day, although otherwise it greatly differs from the productions of the European naturalistic school. Mr. Tourgée's novel may with good reason be called a political novel, because its chief purpose is to point out and criticise political acts and their consequences. It deals with various lines of thought and ideas that prevailed in the Southern states of North America after the great civil war. The idea and the name of the novel may perhaps be best explained from its pages:

"The North and the South are simply convenient names for two distinct, hostile and irreconcilable ideas—two civilizations they are sometimes called, especially at the South. At the North there is somewhat more of intellectual arrogance; and we are apt to speak of the one as civilization and of the other as a species of barbarism. These two must always be in conflict until the one prevails and the other falls. To uproot the one, and plant the other in its stead, is not the work of a moment or a day. That was our mistake. We tried to superimpose the civilization, the idea of the North, upon the South, at a moment's warning. We presumed that by the suppression of rebellion the Southern white man had become identical with the Caucasian of the North in thought and sentiment, and that the slave, by emancipation, had become a Saint and a Solomon at once. So we tried to build up communities there which should be identical in thought, sentiment, growth and development with those of the North. It was A FOOL'S ERRAND."

The hero of the book is "one of the fools" that ran on this errand. He is a lawyer; born in the North. Having gallantly fought in the army of the Northern states, he migrated to the South at the end of the war, with his wife and little daughter. There he endeavored to defend the colored people against their old masters, who would not acknowledge them as their equals, and did his best to promote the reconstruction idea that the wise men—so the leading men in the Northern States are ironically called—had worked out without knowing the real state of affairs subsisting in the South, or the character of the people. Very vividly the author shows us the terrible results of this "wisdom." With horror the reader makes the acquaintance of the Ku Klux Klan—whose outrages were narrated in our own newspapers about fifteen years ago, but whose cruelties nobody has thought so terrible as they really were—we have read about the Nihilists in Russia, and the Moonlighters in Ireland, but far more dreadful was it when almost the entire

* Albion W. Tourgée, Hullum Yritys. Amerikalainen historiallinen romani. Englannin kielestä suomentanut Waldemar Churberg. Vildella puupitroksella varustettu. Helsinki, 1893. 481 siv.

† (Translator's Note). In Finland a great part of the educated people still prefer the Swedish language and literature to the Finnish. This is naturally handed down from the time when Finland formed part of Sweden. Finland became united with Russia in 1809.

white population in the Southern states of America organized themselves into an order, whose members at night time, made unrecognizable by hideous marks, in flocks of hundreds, beleaguered villages and towns, and scourged, maimed and killed in the most horrible manner negroes and such white men as dared to defend them; or even their own Northern ideas. One can scarcely conceive anything more frightful than such a secret-murdering-league, against which justice had lost all power, and amongst the members of which anyone might with good reason expect to find either his nearest neighbors or those with whom he might daily come in contact.

In depicting these horrors the author exhibits a rare skill, whilst at the same time he is painting such ideal pictures as Miss Lilly's visit to the old negro "Uncle Jerry," or charms the reader by bringing him into yet closer acquaintance with this same lady, from whom we are enabled at once to form a very correct idea of the firmness of American ladies.

But of far greater importance than all these is the representation and criticism of the various political lines of thought at that time prevailing in that new world, which seems in all things to have outgrown the old.

He treats of these with admirable subtlety and impartiality, and as the proverb "*tout comprendre est tout pardonner*" is equally true, whether in things political or in any other, he knows how to cast the veil of excuse even over the deeds of the Ku Klux Klan. He naturally does not approve of the means adopted by the Klu Klux Klan or their policy of forcible repression, notwithstanding that they in the fight carried the day against the political wisdom of the Northern states; at the same time he shows how the political situation made them a most natural phenomenon. May we be allowed again to quote a passage, the more so as it contains immortal truths:

"The nation nourished and protected slavery. The fruitage of slavery has been the ignorant freedman, the ignorant, poor white man, and the arrogant master. The impotence of the freedman, the ignorance of the poor white, the arrogance of the late master, are all the result of national power, exercised in restraint of free thought, free labor, and free speech. Now let the nation undo the evil it has permitted and encouraged. Let it educate those whom it made ignorant, and protect those whom it made weak. It is not a matter of favor to the black, but of safety to the nation. Make the spelling-book the scepter of national power. Let the nation educate the colored man, and the poor white man, *because* the nation held them in bondage, and is responsible for their education. Educate the voter, *because* the nation cannot afford that he should be ignorant. Do not try to shuffle off the responsibility, nor cloak the danger. Honest ignorance in the masses is more to be dreaded than malevolent intelligence in the few. It furnished the rank and file of rebellion, and the prejudice-blinded multitudes who made the policy of repression effectual. Poor whites, freedmen, ku-klux, and bulldozers are all, alike, the harvest of ignorance. The nation cannot afford to grow such a crop."

"Hullun Yritys" is a modern work, even according to the notions of the realistic school, in so far as all persons and incidents in it are represented in compliance with the environment, the products of which they are. But its chief merit is the glowing love of mankind, and the lofty idealism that inspires it. It is evident that the writer might easily have made his picture so disgusting as to have brought the reader to the very verge of hopelessness of the future. But instead of

doing so, he has a faith in the future and a belief in the right, which produces in the reader's mind an absolute confidence in a happy outcome of the sad story he feels compelled to narrate. The idealism, moral firmness, healthy sentiment that the author exhibits in his statesmanlike novel is entirely American in its origin and character. The marvelous development of the American nation, and the practical sagacity of its citizens, will not permit its literary men to indulge in that state of mind, which derives pleasure from the dissecting of the festering wounds of society without undertaking to tell from whence the remedy must be sought. As the youth whose strength has developed for the work of life does not brood over the difficulties of the task before him, relying upon his will and noble intentions, so does the author, although in an age of manhood, trust in himself and believe in the power of ideas. Because of this high spirit of confidence in the future, the reading of this book is so invigorating that we think there is no man living amidst the whirl of political parties who could close this novel without heartily thanking its author, and we are sure that his readers in Finland will not only admire but love the man who has done so well a manly work, which has made all the world richer by the fact of its existence.

The work that Mr. Churberg has performed in translating such works as this has been done with unusual faithfulness and ability, and has for ever attached his name to the history of the development of our national literature.

E. A.—X.

"DR. JOHN'S," in new and revised form, has just been added to the neat edition of Donald Mitchell's works, which has been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

DODD & MEAD have just issued a book by General Loring, the ex-Pacha, "El Mahdi and the Soudan," which has a special interest in view of present Egyptian complications.

ARTISTS are more and more trenching on the domain of authors; and the charming work of Mr. Boughton, in *Harper's Magazine*, is now followed by the announcement of a story by Howard Pyle, illustrated, of course, by himself.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA has written a story, brought out by S. W. Gree n's Son, under the title of "Edward O'Donnell." In it the author seeks to paint truly "the typical Irish landlord, and to show the inefficiency of the much-lauded Land Bill."

MISS ELLEN MASON is not alone in her pleasant renderings from the Greek; another young lady—Miss Florence McPherson—having made a small volume of translations from modern Greek poets, which will be brought out by the Macmillans.

THE Boston *Transcript*, the literary authority of half New England, declares that few Englishmen have the capacity to make a fascinating book of travel. "A conscientiousness cramps his pen, and turns into sombre prose what ought always to have a poetic hue and flavor."

THE forthcoming volume of Robert Browning's contains twelve poems in blank verse, each one distinct, but all united by a connecting thread of thought; a lyrical prologue and epilogue being given. The subjects chosen are all serious, and the poet addresses himself directly to the reader.

MR. RUSKIN has once more spoken his mind, distinctly, of course; and this time with a justice that will commend itself to the lovers of Walter Scott. In his onslaught on all condensers of favorite classics he brought up the

offending Miss Braddon's "greasy mince-pie of Scott, and settled the whole process of condensation to be: chopping up formerly loved authors in crammed sausages or blood-puddings swiftly gorgeable."

PALLISER, PALLISER & CO., architects, have issued a set of working drawings which must be of great use to builders, whose ingenuity is perpetually taxed to find suitable designs for the thousand and one exigencies that are continually arising in their experience. These include stairs, inlaid floors, doors, windows, mantels, and useful details in great variety.

THE late C. S. Calverley, known when at Harrow as C. S. Blayds, had always a remarkable mastery of Latin authors, amazing his early masters with his facility and power. It is told of him that "on one occasion when he was put on in school, at the beginning of a lesson, the doctor was so amazed and delighted at the brilliancy of his rendering that he let him go on, in the most unexampled way, to translate some seventy lines on end of the Second *Aeneid* of Virgil."

AMONG the cheaper, but very valuable historical reprints, is "Ancient Egypt Under the Pharaohs," by John Kenrick, M.A., the two volumes bound in one, printed on thin paper, but in clear and legible style, with neat cloth binding. The work is designed to give a comprehensive view of the results of the combined labors of travelers and artists, interpreters and critics during the present century, in which time the treatment of the subject has undergone a complete revolution. (12 mo. pp. 875, \$1.00; John B. Alden, New York.)

THE same publisher has reprinted, in three little volumes, at the astonishingly low price of twenty-five cents each, three of Mr. Ruskin's most popular works: "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," and "The Crown of Wild Olive"—the latter containing the famous essay on "Work." No more delightful prelude to the study, or even moderate understanding, of mineralogy has ever been given than is found in "The Ethics of the Dust," and these cheap, yet careful little reprints place them within the reach of all. From the same publisher comes also an edition of the Chinese classics—"Confucius" and "Mencius"—being bound in one volume. For a dollar one is thus able to become the owner of a book sold usually at treble the price, and which embodies enough wisdom to make it an essential in the library of all who study the working of human nature in either past or present. (Small 8vo, cloth, pp. 382, \$1.00.)

THOSE who have read the brilliant volumes in which Edmond O'Donovan tells the story of "The Merv Oasis" will hardly relish any condensation. Those who have not, will find the abridgment lately issued by Funk & Wagnalls in the Standard Library Series, a pleasant summary of the larger work, varying from it chiefly in the fact that the multitude of smaller details are here omitted. (Cloth, 12mo. pp. 313, \$1.00). From the same publishers, and forming the second number of the series for 1884, comes a translation of Turgenieff's "Mumu," and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man," the first a picture of serf-life in Russia; the second, of the condition of Russian upper classes. The few translations of Turgenieff's works which have been given the American public have been made first into French, then into English, thereby losing much in pith and power. The translations here given are direct from the Russian, made by an accomplished fellow-countryman of the novelist. (Cloth, 12mo, pp. 131, 75 cents.)

ONCE more the novel of to-day, however American its origin may be, works out its plot upon French soil. The heroine in "Diane Coryval," is an impossible saint; the hero, René St. Aran, a handsome lad; and the problem of a loveless marriage, and the reappearance of the old lover, just too late for hope, but never too late for complications,

is again the motive of the story. The most agreeable part of it is the life of the peasant proprietor relative in Picardy, and Diane's adoption of the new ways and the new life. The story is gracefully told, but it ends precisely as the discriminating reader would least like to have it—René's vacillation and moral cowardice being precisely the traits that are likely to bring fresh trouble to Diane. The author feels his weakness so strongly as to apologise for him in the preface, on the ground that "René was a Frenchman, and that, as such, his conduct, both to Diane and his father, was not only possible, but praiseworthy and dutiful, and quite consistent, moreover, with proper manliness and self-respect, and even loyalty to his love." This must, of course, be admitted as in a degree true; but it is a phase of life which, to the English mind, must hold every possibility of ineffable meanness, and which accounts for many curious lapses in French morals and theories of morals. (16mo, pp. 314, \$1.00. No Name Series; (Roberts Brothers.)

THE old-fashioned art of telling a story has so lost itself in the present passion for analysis, that any return to elder methods is a pleasure full of surprise. In "Only an Incident" we have a real story; quick movement, vivid description, sly humor, and an underlying pathos that, in the end, is the strongest impression left on the reader's mind. The author, Grace Denis Litchfield, has been known only in some graceful magazine work, marked by the same characteristics that distinguish the present story, but gives indication of full capacity for much deeper work. Her description of the conservative little village of Joppa—its aristocratic inhabitants, its churches with their small feuds, its unflagging pursuit of amusement, and the soul-wearing monotony of it all—is a delightful piece of work. Against this background the chief characters stand out with singular vividness. Pretty Phebe Lane, Geraldine Vernon, the friend who, unconsciously, fascinates the man who had become almost entirely Phebe's lover, and who is the cause, in part, of the final tragedy, and the young minister Denham Halloway—are all very real people. Indeed, with all allowance for slight exaggerations and improbabilities, this may be said of all, and we owe the author thanks for an hour of unusual pleasure in the society in which she makes us at once at home. (16mo, pp. 226, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE *London Spectator*, in one of its admirable critical articles, comments on the present habit of giving to the public, on the death of an author, everything bearing his signature, no matter how infirm the work may be. Writing of this, in its application to the collection of George Eliot's essays:

"We are not sure that it is a wise fashion to preserve all the minor efforts of great writers, especially when these minor efforts are not distinguished by the special qualities which have made them great. In George Eliot's case we feel even more doubt than in that of most other writers. It seems to us certain that Theophrastus Such injured instead of increasing the popular esteem for her genius, and we think that the present volume of essays will have the same effect in a greater degree. They are certainly not great efforts; and they have hardly any evidence of that insight into character and power of portraying it which gives George Eliot's stories their extraordinary charm. They are, to a considerable extent, enlarged specimens of those criticisms on life which so often delay the progress of her stories, and vex the reader with their somewhat elaborate and elephantine rallery. The essay on Dr. Thomas Young, for instance, which she calls, with more than her usual felicity when dealing with subjects of this kind, "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," is a very caustic and just exposure of the calculating devoutness of the "Night Thoughts," diluted by pages of very forced irony, in which one hardly knows whether one feels most the inevitable sympathy with George Eliot's drift, or annoyance that she labors it so painfully, and manufactures her scorn with so elaborate and ostentatious an apparatus of allusion and innuendo."

FICTION, that is intended to enliven description, ought to be very good fiction with a great deal of local color; the people and the landscape should be so interfused that the characters should seem to be what they are, or, to say what they say, because of their immediate surroundings. Neither as fiction, nor as description, however, can we recommend "Round About Rio," by the late Frank D. Y. Carpenter, which is simply a story in somewhat questionable taste, not merely unrefined but obtrusively coarse, including a few facts about Brazil and the Brazilians, which are notably the unpleasantest facts about them. As description, it may merely be said that the reader who has been to Rio, and brought away with him the memory of its glorious views, would hardly recognize Mr. Carpenter's Rio, were it not for occasional allusions to the Botanical Gardens and the picture on the cover of the Alley of Palms; while, as local color for fiction, it is probable that the *dramatis personæ* would have "carried on" in Kamschatka precisely as they did in Brazil, with the exception of exchanging fleas, worthless dogs and ill odors, for whatever corresponds to these trials in a colder climate, as targets for their poor puns and slang and their intolerable funniness. But one consideration affects more gently the estimate of the volume—the fact that the author probably found in it the amusement of many weary days in which he sought in the mild climate of the country relief from the pulmonary trouble from which he has only lately died. As the final work of one who held deserved place among journalists a value attaches which is, however, due to circumstance solely, it being certain that had Mr. Carpenter lived he would have been one of the first to recognize the defects of his own work. (12mo, pp. 415, \$2.00; Jadsen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CECIL'S SUMMER. By E. B. Hollis. 12mo. pp. 236, \$1.25; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE CUP AND THE FALCON. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. 16mo. pp. 146, \$1.00; Macmillan & Co.

STORIES OF THE OLD WORLD. By the Rev. Alfred Church. Classics for Children. 12mo. pp. 354, 30 cents; Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.

THE JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES. Session of the year 1883 at Saratoga.

TOM'S EXPERIENCE IN DAKOTA; His Talks with Old Friends, and his Advice to Them About Going West. 16mo. pp. 146, 50 cents; Millet, Hale & Co., Minneapolis.

HINTS TO OUR BOYS. By Andrew James Symington. With an introduction by Lyman Abbott, D.D. 12mo. pp. 170, 75 cents; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT; Its Defensive and Aggressive Victories. By John P. Newman, D.D. Standard Library. Cloth 12mo. pp. 136, \$1.00; Funk & Wagnalls.

A HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE. By Lucy M. Mitchell. With numerous illustrations, including Six Plates in Phototype. 8vo. pp. 766, \$12.00; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

EASTER FLOWERS. With illustrations of Easter Lilies, Violets, Trailing Arbutus, Azaleas. Arranged and illustrated by Susie B. Skelding. Fringed and Illuminated Cover. \$1.50; White, Stokes & Allen, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Emile de Laveleye. Translated by Alfred W. Pollard, B.A. With an introduction and supplementary chapter by F. W. Laussig. 16mo. pp. 288, \$1.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE IRVING LIBRARY: PAPER. SALAMAGUNDI. By Washington Irving. CONVERSATION. By Thomas De Quincy; 3 cents. A CENTURY'S MESSAGE. By Andrew Dickson White; 3 cents. SOME TWICE-TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne; 3 cents; John A. Alden.

THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY: LUTHER ANECDOTES. Edited by Dr. Macauley; 8 cents. LIFE OF GEORGE MULLER. By Mrs. Muller; 5 cents. THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS. By Edgar A. Poe; 2 cents. HERMANN AND DOROTHEA. From the German of Goethe; 6 cents. LUTHER'S TABLE TALK. Edited by Dr. Macauley. 5 cents; John B. Alden, New York.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Recognition.

Adapted from the German.

A WANDERER, with a staff in his hand,
Returned to his home from a foreign land,
His hair full of dust, his countenance brown;
By whom will the youth first be known in the town?

He entered the town right through the old gate;
Against it the keeper leaned up quite sedate;
The keeper, his friend, was jolly and round,
And often the goblet their friendship had bound;
But see, the old keeper did not guess the truth,
Too hard had the sun burned the face of the youth.

And farther he wandered, now shortly to greet
Some old friend. He shook the gray dust from his feet.
There leaned from the window his sweetheart devout:
"Thou blooming young virgin!" his welcoming shout.
Yet see, the young maiden did not know the truth,
Too hard had the sun burned the face of the youth.

Still farther he went through a street of the town;
A tear-drop hung down from his eyelid so brown;
There tottered his mother from meeting-house door,
"God bless you!" he cried, and yet nothing more.
But see, now the mother was sobbing for joy;
"My son!" and she sank on the breast of her boy.
No matter how deep had the sun left its trace,
The mother-eye instantly knew the young face.

E. M. WOOD.

A Boy's Pocket.

BUCKLES, and buttons, and top,
And marbles, and pieces of string,
A screw from a rusty old mop,
And scraps of a favorite sling.

Slate pencils, and part of a lock,
Some matches, and kernels of corn,
The wheels of a discarded clock,
And remains of a mitten all torn.

A jack-knife or two, never sharp,
Some pieces of bright-colored glass,
The rim of an ancient jews'-harp,
Pens, fish-hooks, and pieces of brass.

Old nails, "sweeties," chippings of tin,
With bits of a battered-up locket,
All these, and much more, are within
The depths of a little boy's pocket.

E. M. WOOD.

Album Verses.

TO A BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED LADY.

WHENEVER the Graces thy loveliness view,
They cannot but own that their charms are outdone;
For it took the whole three to form beauty—while you
Have the grace of the three all united in one.

TO MISS DOLLY SEAVER.

Beware of the glances of Dolly—
Whether serious, smiling or jolly—
Be prudent and instantly leave her;
She's a mischievous little D. Seaver.

TO A CATHOLIC FRIEND.

I blame not him who tells his beads,
And finds in them some subtle charm
To raise him high o'er earthly needs
To save him from all earthly harm.
And when before sweet Friendship's shrine
The names of friends you tell in prayer,
Remember that one bead is mine,
And that I also worship there.

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

